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ANNUAL

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Foreword

The Annual's a great invention---
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the Staff gets all the blame!

The
High School Annual

Published by the students of the
Mansfield High School

Volume XI

Edited by the Annual Staff in behalf of the Senior Class
of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen

PC 373

To

Miss Laura Leonard

whose work has enriched the High School and whose
kindly criticism has aided us in the
publication of this
book
The class of 1918, dedicate this, the
eleventh volume of the

Annual

Staff

DOROTHY GOETZ	Editor-in-chief
KARL SCHAFER	Business Manager
MARY BYRD '19	Ass't Business Manager
DOROTHY NOLAN	Literary Editor
SADYE BEIN	Photo Editor
RUSSELL HARTENFELS	Asst. Photo Editor
ROBERT BISSELL	Athletic Editor
GAYLE SWAIN	Grind Editor
JOHN ANDREWS	Grind Editor
FRANK IMHOFF	Art Editor

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EDITORIALS

There is no institution so large as M. H. S. but cannot be in a great measure influenced by the present World War. This influence can best be diagnosed as tangible and intangible. First, we as war classes, have given up many of the social functions and social ceremonies which the preceding classes have enjoyed. Among these were the Senior play and the refreshments at the Junior-Senior reception and various other parties. The money in various cases was given to the Red Cross as were the proceeds from the Junior play amounting to $150. The High School also bought two Liberty Bonds—each for $100. Then too the War has brought to our school many of the eminent speakers of the day. Among these were Lieutenant Picard, from France, Joe Chapel, James Puffer, a U. S. soldier from the trenches, representatives of colleges and many local men. It was greatly due to their inspiring speeches, both on educational affairs and the war that the second or intangible impression arose. For imperceptibly at first, yet none the less surely, the spirit of the student body grew and broadened and nowhere was there finer patriotism than in our High School. Two of our teachers of this year, Mr. Reinhart and Mr. Etter and many of the alumni are in the service of the U. S. Though they are mentioned later in this book yet here we take the opportunity to greet them and express our pride in them.

Many pupils this year have discontinued their High School course to accept positions. The Senior class has probably fared the worst and we were extremely sorry to lose our classmates of three years. All those Seniors attending school at the time the Senior pictures were sent to the engraving house have their pictures in this Annual. Those who were not in school at that time, have not. Upon consideration this was deemed wise and just.

This year has seemed to be one of general upheaval for teachers as well as scholars. Five new teachers were added to the Faculty at the beginning of school: Mr. Reinhart, Mr. Kochheiser, Miss Souder, Miss Bell Moore and Miss Blackford, while the five teachers who left our High School were Mr. Kaiser, Mr. Lloyd, Miss Brightman, Miss Schmidt and Miss Connett. Needless to say we were as sorry to lose the latter as we were happy to greet the former. Throughout the course of the school year five teachers have left: Mr. Reinhart, Miss Bedger, Mr. Carmine, Mr. Patton and Mr. Davis, our principal. Their places were respectively taken by Miss Reinhart, Miss Schulthess, Mr. Etter, Mr. Foster and Mr. Frank Whitehouse. Shortly before the Annaul went to press Mr. Etter also left to go to camp. Al-

though the classes by neccessity have been greatly retarded by alteration, yet much credit is due both to the teachers and the spirit of the scholars, that the situation was well managed.

During the month of February all the English classes studied the book "Democracy Today" as were all the classes throughout the country. German was discontinued seven weeks before the close of school and the study of English classics, voicing the spirit of America, was instituted.

The Senior class rings and pins were this year of oval shape. The design was chosen democratically by the class after a committee had selected several samples. The invitations were characterized by their marked simplicity which was in keeping with the times. The cover for the Annual was chosen—Old Blue and White. In view of the present color scheme, the name adopted last year "The Red and White" was not used. The colors were chosen in regard to the fact that early in our High School course these colors were selected for our class colors.

The grading system was changed this year and the method used extensively in colleges and universities was adopted. The grades are now in letters and the standard is comparative. The new system facilitates matters, especially for he teachers.

To those scholars who by typewriting and contributing material for this Annual have aided us, we give our many thanks. To those teachers also, especially Miss Blackford, Miss Bright, Miss Patterson and Miss Leonard, who have assisted us by criticism or by serving as judges, we also express our obligation. The prize drawings were chosen by a committee composed of Miss Bright and the Art Editor; the stories by Miss Patterson, Miss Leonard and the Literary Editor. Annuals marked in some different way will be given as prizes.

This is the eleventh successive year that the Senior class has published the Annual. The increasing greatness of the High School and the changing conditions have largely molded the form of this book. The purpose of the present staff has been to present school life in all its phrases, the inner workings of the student life—its joys and sorrows, drudgeries and pleasures. This book is the result of many hours of earnest thought and sincere effort—perhaps many more than you, gentle reader, imagine. It is the standard by which our High School is judged and we have done our best to elevate it. Remember—to find fault is easy—to do better, difficult. May each succeeding Annual be better than this. May each recall the pleasant memories of your student days and inspire you, as it has us, with a newer and deeper love for our own M. H. S.

Prize Awards

Prize Photos	HENRY HAUPT
Prize Drawing	HOWARD MARQUIS
Prize Senior Story	ALBERT MILES
Prize Junior Story	CHARLES SWORD
Prize Sophomore Story	KATHERINE KOLLER
Prize Freshman Story	EMILY NOLAN

SUPT. H. H. HELTER

Supt. H. H. Helter was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University (B. A.) and Columbia University (M. A.)

For the past ten years he has been Superintendent of the Mansfield Schools. Under the guidance of this capable and earnest man, the High School has prospered.

MR. DAVIS

With this edition we say goodbye to a man who has gained the admiration and esteem of the entire student body—a man who holds the confidence of the Faculty and the friendship of the student—Mr. George A. Davis.

Mr. Davis has served as principal for the past four and one-half years. His work has been exceedingly beneficial to the school and it is with much sincere regret that we see him go.

MR. WHITEHOUSE

Mr. Frank Whitehouse, the succeeding principal, came to Mansfield March 1st. He is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and comes with the highest of recommendations. He has taught in East Greenwich Academy, East Greenwich, R. I., and in Lorain High School, Lorain, Ohio. He has also been Principal of Lowell Building, Lorain, Ohio; Dist. Sup't. of Wellington and Sup't. of the Millersburg schools. In the short time which he has been with us, he has shown himself to be a man of broad vision whose kindness and tact and wisdom will carry the work of our school successfully forward.

The Faculty

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to dust; but if we work upon immortal minds and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.

MR. H. H. HELTER,	Superintendent of Schools
MR. FRANK WHITEHOUSE	Principal of High School
MR. F. S. FOSTER	Coach, Geometry
MISS LAURA LEONARD	English
MISS BERTHA RUESS	German
MISS BERTHA PATTERSON	English, French, Spanish
MISS MURIEL ABERLE	History
MISS MARGARET PADGETT	Study One
MISS ELIZABETH ORT	German
MISS MARY ABERLE	Physical Geography, Sanitation and Physiology
MISS MADGE COTTON	English
MISS KATE MOORE	Algebra
MR. THERON W. WARD	Geometry
MRS. MAUD WAGNER	Study Two
MISS MARIE BOWERS	Latin, Geography
MISS LENA SCHULTHESS	Stenography
MR. E. H. ETTER	Commercial Arithmetic
MR. WM. BAUER	Bookkeeping
MISS RUTH FINFROCK	Algebra
MISS FLORENCE SHIRES	English
MR. JESSE BEER	Physics, Chemistry
MR. E. L. CLARK	Chemistry
MISS MARY Z. BLACKFORD	History
MISS RUTH SOUDER	English
MISS GENEVA REINHART	Latin
MR. C. C. KOCHHEISER	Arithmetic, Algebra
MISS BELL B. MOORE,	Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Com. Arithmetic
MISS LOUISE JORDAN	History

Faculty Poem

Just rest your weary brain a while
And ease your tired eyes
Upon a scene well known to all
As the curtains slowly rise.
Ah! here they come like soldiers all,
In silent, staid review,
Our Faculty most wondrous wise.
I here present to you.
Miss Patterson who leads the way
In languages and grace,
Miss Finfrock, dear in Algebra
For Freshmen sets the pace.
A thorough, all-round business man,
Mr. Bauer next in rank,
Miss Aberle in future years,
For good advice we'll thank.
Miss Leonard wastes her lovely voice
On Junior Literature,
For Algebra there's none so good.
As little, sweet Miss Moore.
In Study 2 with iron hand,
Our Mrs. Wagner rules
And in teaching Dutch (Im Vaterland)
Miss Ruess and Ort are jewels.
Next Mr. Ward who we have heard
Soon leaves to catch the Kaiser,
And surely, through Miss Reinhart
In Latin we're much wiser.
Miss Souder teaches Freshmen
How good U. S. to talk,
And Foster magic circles draws
With a string and a piece of chalk.
Typewriting and Stenography would surely be a bore
If they were not taught by Miss Schulthess
And efficient Miss Bell Moore.
Then there's Padgett down in Study I,
Who tries to keep us still;
Without Blackford tall and Jordan small
In History we'd fare ill.
Dry physics can be suffered,
Uncomplainingly with cheer,
Because we're taught by laughing
Little Clark and Mr. Beer.
In History, there's Aberle and in case

You have forgotten
Who teaches Sophomore English,
Remember it's Miss Cotton.
And kindly, good Miss Bowers
Teaches "Cicero" and such,
While Shires never tires,
Teaching Freshmen to do much.
Away up in a 3rd. floor room
Etter teaches us how to write,
And Kochheiser not far away
Works well with main and might.
Then Parry, very merry tells us "Life is one sweet song,"
And last, not least, our Principal
Always ready to right what's wrong.
And now, before the curtain falls
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
To the teachers who left for broader fields,
We'll dedicate a line.

Mr. Carmine was the joy and pride
Of everyone he knew,
His goodness and ability
Were rivaled by but few.

Miss Bedger, need we say it
No one can quite equal her,
We loved her not as teacher only,
But as friend and counselor.

Mr. Patton, a true sportsman
We saw go with much regret,
But his influence stayed behind him
In our teams, it lingers yet.

And when we think of Davis
We begin to get a notion,
Of how small the human language is
Compared with our emotion.

So here's a cheer for teachers dear,
Who higher planes now bless,
And here's a cheer for teachers here,
Loyal to M. H.S.

Dorothy Nolan—'18

'18's Lament

TO M. H. S.

The time has come and we must part,
'Tis thus ambition pays,
We stand with full and aching heart,
At the parting of our ways.

Oh! M. H. S., you filled our cup
With knowledge high and fine,
The cup is drained, now we must sup
Of the world's more bitter wine.

You kept us in your old brick walls
Safe held from life's turmoil,
The days we spent in your dear halls
Were free from care and toil.

You molded us, emboldened us,
Our destinies unfurled,
And now prepared, present us,
A gift to a needy world.

Au revoir dear M. H. S.,
It shall not be goodbye,
For '18's class will always bless,
When fond thoughts backward fly,

Dorothy Nolan '18.

Our Graduation

Yesterday is but a memory now,
A memory of those wonderful days of youth.
We have lived through each shining day
Through each shining hour we've led the way.

But now it seems that time doth say,
That the last of those golden days
Has spread its light upon our way,
And passed on into Eternity, forever.

Yonder o'er the broad horizon
We can imagine the sun of tomorrow
Just rising o'er the eastern sky.
But yet that tomorrow is far away.

But even though this be true
Here is today in all its splendor;
In all the beauty that God made it,
It is here for you and me to enjoy.

But this shining day we cannot forever enjoy,
Darkness is fast falling o'er the city
The street lights now put forth their gleam
The stars overhead seem, Oh! so bright.

The church is filled to overflowing
As we, the class of Nineteen Eighteen
File slowly down the aisle
And receive as our reward, a Diploma.

But my friend, before our place in line
Comes up, and we too receive this priceless paper,
Let's pause just a moment to consider
If we truly deserve so great a reward.

Twelve years ago at the foot of the grade
We start with a smile and a steady gait,
And with our eye on the summit as our goal
We steadily journey upward and on.

'Til tonight, as we cross the platform
We reach this summit, and, over the top
We see, just rising o'er the broad valley
The Sun of Tomorrow, which seems to say:

You've played the game fair and won
And here as your reward is, the World
Take it, for in it there is a place for you;
Find it, and make the best of it you can.

EARNEST S. WHEATON '18.

CLASS of 1918

Senior Class Officers

DWIGHT McCULLOUGH	President
HERMAN BRUNK	Vice-President
MARY PORCH	Secretary
FRANK LEE	Treasurer
TOM O'DONNELL	Sergeant-at-arms

MILDRED CHARLES—"Ernestine"

Mildred is said to be fond of Junior boys and expresses a preference for those almost six feet tall. Her greatest pleasure is to create a disturbance in class but she can be serious and even studious at times.

"In truth, sir, she is pretty and proud."

DWIGHT McCULLOUGH

President (4) Boys' Glee Club (3). The honored president of dear old '18! Whoever named Zipp certainly knew what he was doing and so did we when we elected him. Famous for his dignified composure (especially in Senior English) and nut sundaes.

"The man of the hour."

LINNIE McFARLAND

Linnie is our bonnie Scotch lassie. She does her work well and has that faculty of not only enjoying a good time herself but of making those around her enjoy it too.

"Age cannot wither her, or custom stale
Her infinite variety."

FRANK IMHOFF "Immy"

Art Editor Annual, Football (3) (4). Frank looks quite guileless but appearances deceive. If he ever gets blue he keeps it to himself, but when he blushes it is plain to be seen. And certainly he is a good fellow.

"Embarrassment he quickly shows
With blush as red as any rose."

HARRIET ACKERMAN

Junior Play.

"Harty" is the personification of neatness. She has the jolliest of dimples when she smiles which is quite frequently. Not studious yet conscientious.

"Short, stout and round about."

MARY BUSH

Mary is one of the sweetest names in Nameology and here is one of the sweetest girls in Girleology. She works quietly, diligently and with results.

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired,
Courteous though shy and gentle though retired."

KARL SCHAFER—"The Flying Dutchman"

Business Manager Annual, Football (4) Basketball (4)

Karl is one hundred per cent efficient and this Annual stands as a monument to his business ability. Liked by all the scholars and even the teachers. We predict a successful future.

"Shake hands with him, he enjoys it."

LUCILE LeMUNYON

We were introduced to Lucile only a year ago and wish it had been long before. Though somewhat cold and reserved at first, we wouldn't do without her now for anything.

"Stately and tall she moves in the hall
The queen of a thousand for grace."

BARNEY BANKS

Junior Play.

Barney is curley-and level-headed. Usually of equable temperament but sometimes manages to break forth in a giggle. This year is quite a favorite but we feel safe in saying that he will never be a "ladies' man."

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

ELSIE BEELER

We strongly suspect that Elsie is one of the geniuses of the class. She manages to accomplish wonders even without the midnight oil. She has plenty of stick-to-it-iveness, especially in an argument, but is nearly always right, anyway.

"Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will."

GERTRUDE ATTON

The funny-bone of the class. "Mose", firmly believes that life is worth living and her ever present smile and unfailing good nature give evidence that she enjoys every minute of it. "Bright metal all—without alloy."

GEORGE BRICKER

Football (4).

George doesn't sing uproariously in chapel and his voice is as meek as you please in recitations but if you want to see George shine just come out to the football grounds.

"Every man is a volume if you know how to read him."

DOROTHY NOLAN

Literary Editor Annual.

Soon the poor Juniors will be troubled with another name in their American Literature's! Amicable and witty she shows herself a true descendant of Old Erin. Moreover a valuable addition to the Staff.

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true."

ARTHUR PEALER—"Art"

Football (4) (3) Sergeant-at-arms (3)

Our class is distinguished in having one imperturbable youth, "Men may come and men may go" but it's all the same to Arthur. However, we will agree that he has an eye for beauty.

"The deed I intend is great
But what, as yet, I know not."

MARY PORCH—"Polly"

Secretary (4).

The girls might envy Mary's pretty face and winning way if they did not love her so well themselves. We think this is a good picture of her but if you are in doubt as to her charms ask "Art." Aside from being active in social and class affairs she is also a fine student.

"Queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

SADYE BEIN—"Shirley"

Photo Editor, Annual.

Sadye is a really, truly live wire. She likes to have many friends and always accomplishes her purpose. A girl with loads of enterprise and class spirit and we wish to say—an invaluable photo editor.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

PAUL ANGLE

Capt. Football (4).
President (3).
Football (3) (2) (1).
Mandolin Club (1) (2).

It is not often we are privileged to write of such as "Heavy." He is one whose honors are thrust upon him—not sought. A mental genius who never fails in anything he undertakes. We feel sure he will be a success in life.

"Taking him all in all
We shall not look upon his like again."

MARTHA HARBAUGH—"Toodles"

Our girl of the rippling laugh! The first thing you hear in the morning, the last thing you hear at night and the best comfort when you are blue is Martha's contagious laugh.

"A general effect of pleasing impressions."

GILBERT VAN TILBURG

A staid and steady man upon whom one can always depend even to have his lessons. Quiet and rather retiring, he is liked by all those who have the good fortune to know him.

"A sober youth of solemn phiz,
Who learns his lessons, and minds his bizz."

MARGARET LUCAS

We are glad Margaret prefers to live in Mansfield rather than her namesake. She has quietly and diligently pushed her way through her High School course. One of the steady lights of the class.

"Never idle a moment,
But thrifty and thoughtful of others."

MARGARET CRAMER

Junior Play.

This is "Peggy!" But who in M. H. S. does not know her! She is the most animated member of the class and has done much toward lifting that body into prominence. Studies by jerks and has excellent histrionic ability.

"I will be a leader and not a follower."

HERMAN BRUNK

Vice-President (4).

Football (4) (3).

Junior Play.

Never yet has there been found a study which could "stump" Brunkie. He participates in all the activities of the school and holds firmly to his convictions. M. H. S. will miss him when he goes.

"Ye Gods, how much this man doth know."

CECIL COOK—"Cooky"

Our recipe for Cookies. Two cups of gray matter, one heaping tablespoon of humor, another of wit, a pinch of temper, one pound of unquenchable energy, a dash of never-say-die spirit and two cups of pure lovableness.

"She should have been a boy."

WALTER WENTLAND

A silent, unobtrusive country lad who always looks his welcome—never says it. Few there are who really know him but we know he possesses an extraordinarily good temper and cheerful disposition.

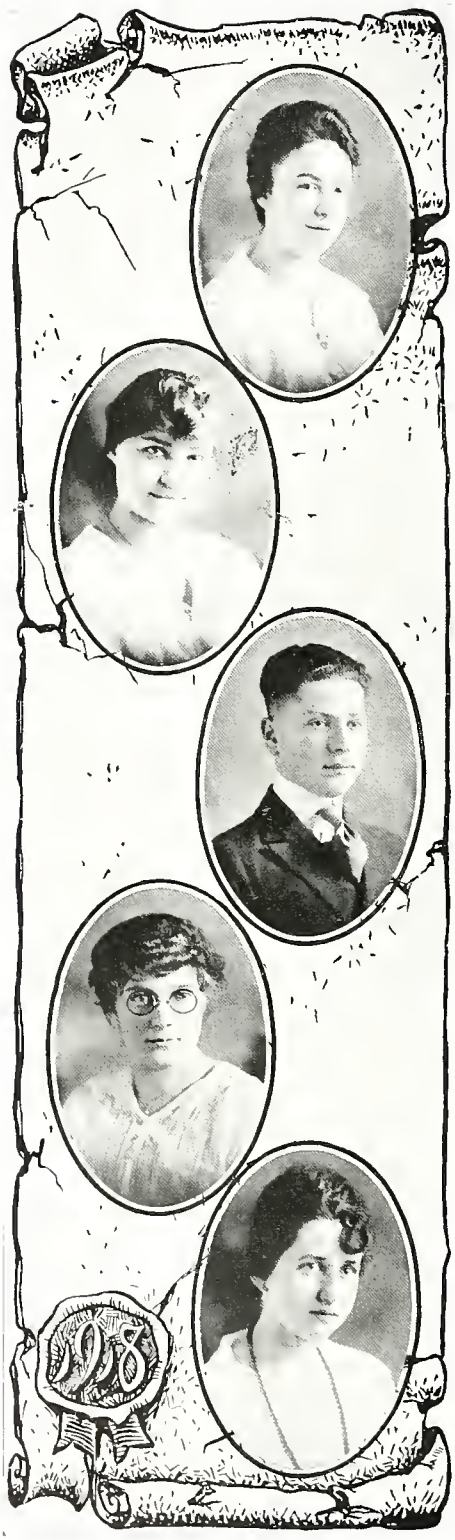
"Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife."

MARTHA POOLE

Junior Play.

We love Martha not because there is so much of her to love but also because she's a jolly, good friend. Strange but she's often seen blushing this year.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."



HELEN WALLACE

Junior Play.

A typical High School girl who mixes reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth. Helen has been an ideal classmate and persists in anything she undertakes.

"A sincere friend may well be reckoned the masterpeice of nature."

MARIE MENDLICH

One who helps others out of fellow feeling is Marie. She is welcome everywhere for she has that ever welcome quality—a genial, sunny disposition.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

HENRY HAUPT

Henry loves to argue and to hear him talk one would be inclined to think "Heinie" right and the world wrong. Always ready to make himself generally useful, a star photographer and a boy who will get there.

"To be well shaken before given."

CUBA BORMUTH—"Porto Rico"

No amount of teasing will ruffle Cuba's good nature. Quiet, quaint and doggoned independent. Never does anything to annoy her teachers.

"He is richest who is content."

PAULINE LYONS

Pauline is friendly and frank and never assumes to be what she is not. Naturally attached to Lucas through Margaret. Has ability as a pianist.

"Fashioned so slenderly, so young and so fair."

MARIE MAGLOTT

Junior Play.

Marie is one of the prettiest girls in the class and is not at all aware of it. Much good is heard of this brown-eyed young lady and her unselfishness is appreciated by all those who know her.

"Rare is the union of beauty and purity."

MILDRED HERRING

Mildred's doctrine is "laugh and be fat." A good friend, the same kind of a student, and a good all-round girl. We only hope that Oberlin which claims her next year will appreciate her as we have.

"And in her smile was health
And right good welcome."

JOHN HAMPSON

John works hard and usually makes good use of his time in M. H. S. His quiet and capable manner is the admiration of the whole class. His career is promising.

"They can conquer who believe they can."

LEONA BEAM

Orchestra (3).

"Here's quality and quantity." About Leona's gentle person there clings a mystery—just how she keeps people from knowing how clever she is. We might add also that wherever there is mystery there is also charm.

"Modest expression is a beautiful setting to the diamond of talent and genius."

RUTH McCLELLAN

Junior Play.

Ruth's conviction is "speak only with thine eyes" for she does little of it any other way. A girl of good common sense with dimples which are a joy when in evidence.

"I never did repent for doing good and shall not now."

MARY TRYON

Mary is our bright little student. Talks a great deal but always says something when she does. A math-shark and we continually wonder how one small head can carry all she knows.

"Let her speak and whate'er she says
Methinks I should love her more."

PAUL ROWLANDS

"Dutch" manages to get his lessons tolerably well even without much studying. He is somewhat of a heartbreaker and we hope that when he succeeds his father he will not fail to furnish a home for two.

"Cudgel thy brain no more about it."

GAYLE SWAIN

Grind Editor, Annual.

Gayle with her pretty face and sunshiny disposition has tripped her way into the hearts of many High School students and one alumnus. There are rumors concerning the outcome of the latter which we have hardly the temerity to utter.

"Be thine ownself always and thou art lovable."

CLARENCE STROEHER

From the time Clarence entered High School until he leaves as a learned Senior, the teachers have found it difficult to believe that he is indeed a member of the class—for unlike most his his classmates he is extremely shy and quiet.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way."

LEOLA STEWART

There are those who always have their lessons and those who have a good time. Here is one who has both. She talks Latin so fast that we dull ones often fail to follow her.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

DOROTHY GOETZ

Editor-in-chief Annual.
Junior Play.
Dorothy is one of the brightest girls of '18's class and we are justly proud of her. Unlike most studious people she thoroughly enjoys herself at all times. And what would the Staff do without her?"
"She leaves behind a memory dear,
A fame forbid by immortality to die.'

EARNEST WHEATON

Stop! Look! Listen! That's what everyone does when "Doc" begins to talk. One would hardly believe this sensible fellow had poetic instincts but we know better.
"He reasoned without plodding long,
Nor ever gave his judgment wrong."

MABEL BEER—"Mabs" "Prof." "Red"

Secretary (3).
Mabel's thoughtfulness and prettiness have made her one of the most popular girls in the school. Many can testify to the excellencies of her taxi accommodations. One of those girls who are in everything and do everything well.
"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear,
That makes the sun shine everywhere."

RUSSELL HARTENFELS—"Bus"

"Harty" "Shrimp."
Ass't. Photo Editor Annual
These are merely the different ways of distinguishing this Senior lad from all the other celebrities of '18. He is not only the source of much wisdom but of much mischief as well and has more speed than a mightier man.
"I know I'm right, I can't be wrong."

EUNICE WILMOTH

One of our prize girls. She studies purely because she likes to and along with her seriousness there goes a fellow feeling that makes her wondrous kind. She always rescues the class from the horrors of a miserable recitation.
"She gains the prize who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and always works."

LUCILE WEBBER—"Lucy"

The girl with a curl, a smile and a winning way. Once she spent a whole period in the study room without being spoken to more than twice. She makes any sort of a place seem brighter and is never too busy to do a favor.

"With hair of gold and eyes of blue,
How can they help falling in love with you."

ROBERT BISSELL

Athletic Editor Annual. Football (3). Vice-President (3). Junior Play. This is our old friend "Bob"—one of the most promising of '18's sons. Usually has his lessons and is very popular for his good humored chuckles seldom disappear. Nobody knows Bob's attitude toward the Juniors but—and she won't tell.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

ROSILIE BECKER

Rosilie always looks on the bright side of things and is a ring leader in anything that is fun or mischievious. Though pleasure-loving she at times devotes some energy to study.

"Her voice is blithe, her heart is light."

CECIL BANKS—"Cec"

Orchestra (1) (3) (2). Band (2). Junior Play. Boys' Glee Club. His numerous peregrinations indicate wherein his talent lies. He is the Mozart of the class and can play the "light fantastic" until it makes you glad you were born—just to listen to him.

"Music is the voice of creation,
The echo of the invisible world."

FRIEDA SCHETTLER

Frieda has only one fault—her unwillingness to articulate. She is rather reserved but dependable and though her work has been done quietly she can say at the end of her four years "Well done."

"Be silent always when you doubt the sense
And speak though sure with seeming diffidence."

MARGARET DOWNS

Junior Play.

And now we come to Margaret. Here is a sensible girl with a heart that is true, well liked by her friends and other folks too. Never frivolous and always lives up to her ideal of trustworthiness.

"What would I do without "Mose?"

HAROLD MILLER

Only the teachers call him Harold. We call him "Fat" (an appellation derived from goodness knows where) He has enjoyed these four years almost as much as we have him for his face has worn one long, continual smile.

"Nothing small about him."

HELEN DOWLING

Helen always dresses in the height of fashion but her good qualities are by no means all so superficial. She is said to be color-blind to all colors except "Red" but this by no means affects her artistic talent as her drawings in this book testify. When "Auld acquaintance" be called to mind, Helen's name will not be among the last.

"A woman's heart like the moon is always changing, but there is always a man in it."

MAURICE RICE

Junior Play.

To Maurice the world is but a stage with "Ricey" as the star villain. A willing worker in any kind of disturbance and has admirable talent for acting.

"A man of the world."

DOROTHY ARNOLD

"Jerry" probably knows more students than any other person for she is generally to be found in the "Melting Pot" of M. H. S. Jolly and businesslike—our hopes for a successful future for her will not be disappointed.

"I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody."

RUTH THEM—"Joseph—inc"

A girl who likes the boys almost as well as a good time. Ruth in good behavior would be a catastrophe. Delights in teasing the teachers and might be a clever pupil if she would study.

"One may smile and smile and still be a villain."

FRANCIS BEAM—"Beans"

Treasurer (3).

"Is he in love?" you ask. We think he is and we know that absence makes the heart grow fonder. However cupid has not marred his scholastic ability in the least. One of the Latin sharks.

"Everyone has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases."

HELEN ACKERMAN

Pretty, particular, petite and pleasing is Helen. Not strongly inclined toward studying but can always be depended upon to carry off any social problem with grace.

"Oh! woman, thou wert fashioned to beguile;
So have all sages said, all poets sung.'

KARL WOLFARTH

In defense of Karl we say that height was never the true standard of men. He is one of the quiet kind whose nature never varies. Known only to a few but well liked by those.

"Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet."

EVA TERMAN

The inimitable Eve. We don't know whether there is an Adam in this case or not. No one has ever seen Eva idle and she is generally doing what she ought. Delights in teasing.

"Zealous yet modest."

CARRIE ROBINSON

Small, but oh, so nice. Carrie is just as happy and free as a lark—most of the time. The rest of the time she is just as happy but not quite as free. Finds time for study, though.

"Just a little mite of goodness and a happy smiling face,
M. H. S. without our Carrie, would not be the same old place."

ROBERT CAMPBELL—"Bunny"

Football (4) (3).
Basketball (3).
Junior Play.

"'Tis a plague to be too handsome a man"—Robert tells us and who should know better than he? Just dotes on studying and detests(?) girls. Actively interested in Athletics.

"All good men are dying and I don't feel well myself."

MARTHA LEPPO

Her face is round, her eyes are blue and her hair is light and curly. What would one expect? Martha has one big laugh for all the world and we wish well this future country school-marm.

"Go to it, Martha, we're with you."

PAUL HARRIS

Paul was formerly very bashful but long association with his classmates has somewhat overcome this difficulty. Though never active in social or business affairs of the class yet his unfailing good nature will not allow him to leave unmissed.

"I love tranquil solitude."

ANNA MAGLOTT

Anyone who sounds Anna will find her true blue all the way through. Never unduly excited and secretly nourishes a talent for writing poetry. Often delights one with her droll humor.

"There is a pensiveness in quiet Anna."

ALICE ROPP

Alice always conducts herself as all good Seniors should. When she has work to do she does it and in future years will be found in Mansfield's business section.

"She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty."

MARJORIE KARNS

"Trix" is a jolly good sport and a social lass to whom may be attributed many fine qualities. She is loyal to her friends and the school, she is always "in" for a good time and more especially she is Earnest.

"Mary, where art thou?"

ALBERT MILES—"Milesy"

For four long years Albert has worn the smile that won't come off. Not until his Senior year did he display his vocal talent. We had always thought him a believer in single blessedness but facts indicate lately that he believes in the strength of union.

"By diligence he wins his way."

FRANCES KEANE—"Frank"

Always cheery, good-natured and entertaining. Just a hint—Frances has tried very hard to hold the station of being a "dignified Senior."

"The world delights in sunny people."

ONA DAVEY

Should be (Two) a now. Her rather reserved manner was the only obstacle preventing her from having a large circle of friends. We regret that she deserted us before receiving with us our certificates of knowledge(?)

"Methinks she were happy."

VERDA SHAMBAUGH

May Concert (3).
Girls' Glee Club (3).
"Jerry" is one of the really talented girls of our class. Mademoiselle Shambaugh possesses a remarkable soprano voice and her favorite selection is "Mac-time." Loquacious and progressive.

"I do but sing because I must."

MAUD BENNINGHOFF

Our Lady of the Office. Anyone ought to be glad to be sent there if Maud were present. She tries hard to fit herself for her future work and her class speeds her on.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."

WESLEY BOALS

"Dutch" argues with everyone save —. He is just the kind of fellow the boys like to tease but can hold his own. No one likes to glide over the waxed floor better than he.

"He is as full of valor as of kindness."

JOSEPHINE McFARLAND

Josephine is said to wear her smile even while asleep. Friendship with Josephine is a thing worth prizing. It is of such as she that the poet wrote—"She spreads about that quiet spell, that makes all spirits love her well."

"She's sweet sixteen this lovely girl,
And her hair just won't keep out of curl."

MARTHA HUGHES

Martha Hughes her way through every obstacle and has been a thoroughly delightful and sensible classmate. Good but not the pious kind and we doubt if the little red schoolhouse will hold her long.

"Rather gentle in manners, firm in reality."

PAULINE SCOTT—"Scotty"

Pianist (4) .

Some one has said "If ladies be but young and fair they have the gift to know it." We contend Pauline ought to know it for how can she help it? A wee bit proud and vivacious but friendly toward all.

"Her very frowns are fairer far;
Than smiles of other maidens are."

JOHN KRAMER —"Jess"

John might well be a personage if he tried to be. Studies at intervals of five weeks (!) and awaits the passing time leisurely. Fond of girls and green sweaters.

"I am weary and overwrought with too much sleep."

JUSTINE KEMP

Justine is nice to most everyone but especially — more mystery! She is the possessor of a cheerful and exceedingly frank disposition. Already assuming a dignified mien in view of her future calling.

"Therefore I tell it, or maybe
Simply because it pleases me."

JOHN DURBIN

Ye Fusser! John comes to school because there are so many pretty girls there. Never happier than when in attendance upon them. Believes study to be a waste of thought but usually knows something when called upon.

"She loves me, she loves me ont."

RHEA DOOLITTLE

Rhea's name does not do her justice and we will be glad if she changes it some day. Always sociable to just the right extent and bothers no one—not even the teachers.

"Her life doth rightly harmonize."

LILLIAN HAWKINS

An entertaining lass who is fond of fun, dancing and indeed, pleasure of any kind. Always looks pretty no matter how dreary the day. 'Tis whispered that

"Among the train there is a swain."

CLARENCE BAUMBERGER

Clarence is one of those orderly souls who never think of disturbing a class. He rather likes the girls but is afraid of them and quickens his pace whenever he sees one coming.

"They also serve who stand and wait."

NAOMI TODD

"Toddy" has as many friends as there are people who know her. She wins all by her amiability. Her greatest desire is to see a certain Junior lad grow taller.

"Ah, me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is."

LEWIS CASHELL

Orchestra (4) (3) (2).

A little fellow who is capacitated to become either a musician or attach a D. D. to his name. His smile is so habitual that he often shows it to the fair sex before he thinks better of it.

"He trembled when a maid drew near."

IRMA BELL

Irma is quiet and "gangs her aen gait." She is a prize commercial student and invariably knows who's who and what's what in a classroom Ready to help anyone in a stiff place

"A focus of good will."

RUTH WOLFORD

Everyone will agree that Ruth has been such an A 1 student that it is impossible to write an adequate history for her. Just believe all the nice things you hear about her and you will have a better biography than we could ever pen.

"True eyes, too pure in aught to disguise,
The sweet soul shining through them.

JOHN ANDREWS

Goes after jokes with a twinkle in his eyes. A witty lad who never does anything unnecessary and is generally to be found tinkering in the laboratory. A face with gladness overspread and hair of bright and shining—black. (?)

"Contented midst a throng of folk
Yet peaceful when alone."

HELEN GROFF

One of the steady lights of the class—a diligent, studious pupil. Modest and unassuming she is content to do her part in the work whether recognition comes or not.

"True you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood."

CHARLES WELCH

Boys' Glee Club (3).

If "Welchy" has not been particularly studious nevertheless he has been a fine classmate. Is a lover of dancing and favors other towns than Mansfield. A generous, kindly nature when fully appreciated.

"More practical than you think he is."

LUCILE GORMAN

Like all good people Lucile has her troubles but most of hers come in recitations. If a girl has curly hair and dreamy eyes count her good natured. Lucile is no exception.

"Ah, why should life all labor be?"

ISLA STARRETT

A girl whom anyone likes to have as a friend. Her good qualities can not be numbered, nor her love of fun subdued. Survives in good nature after much teasing.

"Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me."

CHARLES JACKSON

Charles expects to make a fortune on his book "How to Play Hooky." We advise all Freshmen to get a copy at any price whatsoever. Seldom engages in study and how he knows his lessons is a mystery. We heartily wish we knew the secret.

"He who invented work should have finished it."

BERNICE BUSH

Usually with little to say. One of the worth while members of the class who when not studying is sure to be smiling. A quiet and persitent worker in anything she undertakes.

"Modesty seldom resides in a heart that is not enriched by nobler virtues."

RUSSELL LUTZ—"Bus"

A good fellow to those who know him and we want to know him better. Looks so smart! More and greater than all this, he never misses a class function—and rarely goes unaccompanied.

"Come and dance a little more,
On the slick and glassy floor;
I can trot and I can waltz,
(Unfinished on account of the war.)"

EDNA YEINGST

Solomon has nothing on Edna for wisdom. Business is play for her and A is the only letter in her alphabet except W perhaps. Attends the games regularly.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

CORINNE COBLENTZ—"Cheen"

Airy, fairy Corinne once heard the advice to cultivate cheerfulness and she has been cultivating it ever since. Always talking when silence should prevail but can recite well when started at the right place.

"And I chatter, chatter, chatter as I go."

FRED REDDING

Three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge. Takes time from his beloved Physics to pay some attention to girls but "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." Eats, drinks and thinks in C. G. S. units.

"I tell you that engine will run down hill."

HELEN SUTTER

Helen is a quiet little Mouse who is best characterized as generous and kind. She cares not at all for the limelight and delights in silence of all kinds.

"Gently comes the world to those who are cast in gentle mold."

FRANK LEE

Treasurer (4).
Orchestra (4) (1).
Football (4).
Junior Play

Always has a purpose even when he asks foolish questions in class. Very witty, Frank and always jolly. Expresses out-pourings of his soul not only upon his violin but by startling expressions on the sides of his books.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

FLETA DISHONG

There may be five Helen's in the class and four Mary's but there is just one Fleta. Her salient characteristic is modesty and her sweet, sunny nature is a constant joy.

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

HAZEL HETLER

Hazel is almost always found laughing and if not, her sparkling eyes show that she could without much trouble. Except for her smile she is a quiet girl and so a rare one.

"A being not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food,"

EDWARD NIXON

A little lower than the angels! Favors his recitation classes with a visit now and then and believes that the world will go on whether he works or not. Ed has the makings of a man in him and has ideas about his lessons but is ashamed to present them.

"Don't hurry, haste is to be abhorred."

HELEN BEER—"Jane"

Helen is delicate, sensitive and debonair. Her kindness and sweetness to all have won her innumerable friends. Helen, we wish you well.

"For she is wise if I can judge of her;
And fair is she, if that mine eyes be true;
And true is she, so hath she proved herself."

JOHN McNAUL

No one would ever think of calling him "Johnny." Hard to get acquainted with but makes a good and sure friend after one knows him.

Diligent and persevering.

"Don't talk to me about women."

MARY HUGHES

Mary is so quiet that it would take a specialist to find her bad habits. Indeed as far as we have been able to determine she has none. Only a few ever find out how good a student she is.

"Much wisdom often goes with fewest words."

EDITH PATTERSON

Edith's deportment upholds the honor of the Senior class. "Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." Scrupulously exact and pleasing.

"A winsome way, a timid smile,
Dressed so neat, but quite in style."

HOWARD OSWALT

"Socrates" is everything that his name implies. A math-shark for his head contains that which it was intended to. Never flaunts his knowledge and if he has any faults he has failed to reveal them.

"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on his planet."

RUTH McCLURE

It is as impossible to separate calm from Ruth as it is for her to separate study from Virgil. Aspires to be a Latin teacher and avenge her wrongs. Her pet hobby is to rechristen us.

"She has many nameless virtues."

ARTHUR CALLAHAN—"Art"

Football (4).

Although a small man he is a mighty one in the football field. He looks on the bright side of life and doesn't let anything worry him. A good type of active wide-awake boyhood.

"He would take many injuries rather than to give one."

MAE RIEMER

Believes that a smile is the same in all languages. Never seen fretful nor discouraged nor without Verda. Mae does her work not too wisely but well.

"Thus shines a good maid in a naughty world."

IRENE GUTHRIE

From her hair "Butter" won her name, but from her niceness, won her fame. She is always seen at work and ever ready to do something for some one else without regard for her own inconvenience.

"An awfully nice girl."

RUSSELL EASTERDAY

There's mischief in this man. There is some thought too but that is not so much in evidence. He is always happy and contented when cutting up in class.

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."

MARIE HECHT

Marie is just bound to make a grand entrance into society somewhere and sometime. Gay and affable and did you mention dancing? Her genius is her friendliness.

"Youth holds no society with grief."

TOM O'DONNELL

Sergeant-at-arms (3).

Football (3).

An enigma of cynicism and good nature. Approaches study moderately and with obvious hesitancy. However Tom can make anyone believe that he is fearfully wise—we think so too. A good athletic fan.

"Upon his shoulders wore he wings."(?)

RHEA WARNE

We defy anyone ever to have seen Rhea fretful or discouraged. A girl who is always contented and who doesn't worry much about her lessons.

"It sounds like Greek to me."

JOSEPHINE STANINGER

"Jo" makes up in pep what she lacks in height and doesn't believe in letting studies interfere with her High School education. If jolliness were music "Jo" would be an H S. orchestra.

"An open-hearted maiden."

HALDON SCOTT

Haldon the Bashful can be said to be among us for euphony. Looks upon the world so unsuspectingly that he has often been mistaken for a Freshman. Under the leadership of our friend Russell E. we are glad to report that he is doing better.

"The man who frets at worldly strife
Grows sallow, sour and thin;
Give us the lad whose happy life
Is one perpetual grin."

MARGARET MILLER

Another one of the quiet kind. Rare it is that we meet a girl so steadfast, patient and sincere as Margaret. She labors uninterruptedly but outside of school, away from the stern eye of a teacher, can talk much more than one would think.

"There's life alone in duty done, and rest alone in striving."

Class History

Just four short years ago some two hundred ambitious young specimens of the human race timidly crossed the threshold of M. H. S. for the first time in their small young lives. Under the guidance of several of the older students the same specimens, the majority of the boys attired in short trousers and the girls with big bows on their hair, were assigned to their report rooms. Our class schedules were made out and the school year commenced in earnest. For the first few days our attention was mainly directed to looking like Sophomores and looking unembarrassed when the kind "friend of the family" asked to what class we belonged. Before very long, nine months had passed, the first year was over, and we were Sophomores.

After three short months we crossed the same threshold, Sophomores now. The short trousers and hair ribbons were gradually disappearing, and the class, though still large, had somewhat decreased in number. At the beginning of the year, the greater part of our time was devoted to making the Freshman feel his utter uselessness, but the novelty of this soon wore off and we settled down to work. Football started, and at the end of the season several Sophomores wore the white "M." The class supported athletics and helped to make successes of the teams. Girls' basketball was started and the Sophomore team was by no means the poorest of the four. Besides athletics, our members took an active part in the musical organizations and were big factors in their success. Near the end of the year a Sophomore party was held at the High School. This might have become an annual event but for the fact that the building was not absolutely indestructible and the Faculty decided to preserve it as long as possible. Almost before we knew it another year had passed and we were Juniors.

Our first concern as Juniors was the election of officers. This done we entered upon our work in earnest. Athletics commenced, and but for the Juniors, it is safe to say the teams would never have become the successes which they were. Both boys and girls again became active in the musical work of the school. Soon came the Junior-Senior Reception, the crowning social event of the year. Thanks to the committees and to Miss Connett and Miss Jordan, the affair was a decided success. June and the end of the year came almost too quickly.

This year we are Seniors. We are nearing the finish and each day brings the goal closer. The class is somewhat smaller than last year, although still large. The army has claimed several of our members and they have our sincere good wishes. Officers and the Staff were elected early and have capably filled their positions. As usual, we have entered all the branches of student activity with vigor, and are eagerly, yet with a certain feeling of regret, approaching the end of the year. However, we are confident that if we enter upon life's duties with the same spirit that has characterized our High School years some of our members will attain success in its highest degree. One thing is certain, our four years at M. H. S. will always remain one of the brightest spots in our remembrance.

PAUL ANGLE.

When time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too;
The mem'ries of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.

Prophecy of Class of '18

The day had been hot and sultry but as I sat in my study and watched the sunset, a light breeze wafted in from somewhere. For some reason, probably because of my solitude, my thoughts drifted back to the days I spent in dear old M.H.S. Ten years had passed since I left America to come over to Europe with the Reconstruction Workers. My work kept me in India where much damage had been done to the ancient temples during the war and many valuable papers had been lost. It was in search of some of these documents that we were now engaged.

My reverie was disturbed by a clamor outside my window and upon investigating I saw two natives surrounded by a crowd of laborers making their way toward the cottage carrying a black oblong case. As I had left word that anything of importance should be sent directly to me, I was very impatient and curious to see what it was they had found. I opened the door and the boys entered.

"What is it?" I asked. They shook their heads but with many motions and in their smattering of English they replied that they had found it in the cellar of the ruined temple. By this time they had set it up against the wall and were backing out of the room.

I stepped up in front of the box; it appeared to have no opening. I passed my hand carefully around the entire case until finally, as my fingers rested on the head of a little carved Budda, the front started to slide slowly back and I was looking at my own reflection in a huge mirror. Traced at the top in Hebrew were the words "Ask and you shall be answered." Of course this sounded incredible but I was willing to try it, so as I sank into a low chair in front of the glass I asked what I wanted to know more than anything else in the world—where the lights of the class '18 were shining after ten years of real life.

The mirror became blurred and slowly a picture seemed to be taking form upon the crystal surface; a crowded theater lobby was the result, with its throngs of pleasure-seeking patrons. Keeping the crowd in line were two young women in very business-like police uniforms. When they turned their heads towards the front I recognized Leona Beam and Harriet Ackerman.

The scene changed much as a moving picture, and I found myself pushing along with the crowd to the ticket window where Dorothy Nolan was selling tickets with all her old salesmanship ability. It suddenly grew dark and I was ushered to my seat by Helen Sutter. The curtain was just rising and my heart grew suddenly light when my old friend Mabel Beer advanced to the center of the stage, the opera star of the season. In a few moments her leading man Dwight McCullough also appeared and the opera enacted before my eyes was a spectacle of wonders. The question arose in my mind, "Who could have written it?" The brilliancy of the stage toned down and a cozy little studio took its place. Here Earnest Wheaton was industriously penning page after page of manuscript and I then awakened to the fact that my question was answered; he was the play writer. He arose from his work as his wife, my old schoolmate Marjorie Karns, entered with Mary and Art Pealer, now an old married couple, who were entertaining with a dinner celebrating the success of Earnest's latest play, "Fair but Fickle," in which Gayle Swain was starring. Scenes changed.

On the banks of Chippewa Lake was a large building. Inside, the occupants were moving about in long white aprons and upon closer inspection I saw this was a Chemical Laboratory. There was Helen Wallace, the owner of the establishment; Ona Davey her private secretary. The interesting fact about this place was that everyone was busy making the same kind of acid. Helen had a wonderful discovery which she was experimenting with a peculiar insect in Australia. She had the secret formula for the acid that would restore hair to the most hopelessly bald person, however, there was no guarantee as to the color of the production. I wondered at the source of the insects. Immediately, I saw Howard Oswalt, Lillian Hawkins and Elsie Beeler with furious-looking bug nets frantically chasing these little animals in an Australian forest. Howard is the head of the firm and besides the two girls hires about five hundred natives to aid him in the business. He entered the tent now and dictated a letter to his stenographer. I didn't recognize her until I saw her sign her name M. Hecht, and I knew her to be the Marie Hecht of my High School days. John McNaul now drove up in a truck aeroplane, a late invention of Naomi Todd, who discovered that she could overcome the force of gravity sufficiently to carry on heavy transportation by air routes. John Andrews is her partner and it is rumored that they intercepted the darts of Cupid while out riding and a wedding will soon take place. This truck-plane is only one of a great number that Howard keeps going between Australia and Chippewa. A woman now appeared in the doorway of a long wooden building ringing a bell and from the alacrity with which the people hurried to obey its summons I judged that Pauline Scott was as good a cook as ever. How well the people of our class have kept together!

An old church now occupied the center of the mirror, the doors opened and as the bride threw back her veil I recognized Shirley Bein. With great curiosity I turned my eyes to the groom dressed in well-fitting khaki. It was Frank Lee. I hadn't heard of him since he enlisted in the army shortly after graduation. Rev. Paul Angle had officiated, ably assisted by Deacon Kramer. Lewis Cashell, the great organist had lent a glory of melody to the ceremony—strange we never noticed his talent in M. H. S.

Opposite the church was a tiny toy shop with a big sign "Callahan's Play House." Emerging from the door was a big fat man carrying an arm full of colored balloons. He stopped as the procession was entering the waiting machines and to my great astonishment I saw Bob Campbell.

Will wonders never cease. In a little rose-covered cottage on the shores of a small lake appeared Helen and Francis, now happily married and fast becoming rich raising ducks. A large number of these famous ducks now came waddling around the corner of the house, Lucile Gorman taking care of them. Francis generously attributes part of his success to the "Dishong and Doolittle Duck Fattener" which he has been using the last couple years and now as the scene changed to a Paris Cafe I saw Russel Hartenfels enjoying his dinner of roast duck perfectly,—the charming little waitress seemed quite familiar and I was not surprised to see the face of Mildred Charles beneath the white cap. Verda Shambaugh was singing a popular song, composed by Irene Guthrie, in a little flower-covered balcony and her voice was appreciated by these music loving people quite as much as the May Concert in Mansfield. Just then there was quite a commotion in the cafe as a

tall dark-haired man entered and the name Maurice Rice, the modern Forbes-Robertson was whispered from table to table.

The hero of our Junior play has achieved fame. Fate has been kind to our class surely. With him was his leading lady, Martha Hughes and her understudy Maude Benninghoff. From this busy restaurant life the scene now shifted to Hawaii on a beautiful moonlight beach where Cecil Cook, who has lately designed a very popular moon parasol, keeps a little shop, assisted by Helen Dowling who was displaying several of these to some American tourists. When these tourists came nearer Martha Harbaugh's cheery smile disclosed her identity. Martha is now a successful lawyer and has just won the great divorce case of Mary Bush. Mary had married a Hawaiian Prince but had changed her mind after a few weeks of wedded bliss and after her own Lawyer Lucile LeMunyon was unable to secure any terms she sent for the world famed Harbaugh. This will undoubtedly be her last case for there on that moonlight beach she and Russell Lutz are deciding on their wedding guests. This will be a good match because Russell recently gained a high position in the American court in Mexico. Paul Rowlands is managing affairs while he has gone to claim his bride.

A group of circus tents now took the place of the beach in the magic surface of the mirror, and a little energetic woman was talking away to a crowd. It didn't take me long to recognize Mary Tryon engaged in her favorite pastime, chattering; behind her, very docile-looking, was her husband, Albert Miles, who is billed on the Side Show poster as "The Silent Man," $10.00 to the person who can make him talk. No wonder he is silent; Mary never gave him a chance. Now the crowd eagerly turn their attention to a long glistening white track; two runners are tearing down the path, it is a close race and as the men breast the tape the crowds break loose in cheering. "Good work Keggy old boy." "Better luck next time, Nixon," and so forth. The cheer leader John Durbin made himself heard above all the others announcing "Eugene Kegg World's Champion racer. One mile in two minutes and five seconds. Edward Nixon close second, two minutes, five and one-tenth seconds." Now two or three other runners came panting in, Haldon Scott taking third place. I always thought these fellows were faster than they pretended to be at school. The crowd now moved to the big tents. Inside the animal tent were many curious animals. In the first cage with his owner, Paul Harris, who had captured him single handed after the war, was an untamed Hun, the next cage held a horse, a species now almost extinct except in the remote rural parts of our country. It was here that Anna Maglott and Irma Bell were exhibiting their Marian animals which they had brought back from Mars on their last trip there. In the main tent selling ice cream cones and Bevo I saw Gilbert Van Tillburg—he seemed quite prosperous. The mass settled down with a sigh of anticipation and all eyes were turned toward the entrance through which the "Dare Devil Motor Queen" would appear. Here she came, riding two motorcycles, jumping from these to an automobile and from thence to a tiny aeroplane. Her act was a series of thrills and when at last she stopped for a moment and pushed her curls back, it was the face of Lucile Webber, my old IF sister at which I was looking. Walking a tight rope with remarkable ability in spite of his six hundred pounds was Harold Miller. He was dressed as a ballet dancer but I soon pierced through the camouflage when I saw his

features. His wife Carrie Robinson got a divorce from him because he insisted on flirting with the snake charmer, Mildred Herring, and is now teaching school in Alaska. She has a remarkable institution there and with the assistance of Linnie McFarland is educating the miners. In their school everything is run according to system. Leola Stewart is one of the best teachers and succeeds in keeping almost as good order as Mrs. Wagner did in Study H. The singing of the Glee Club here is known all over the world, but how could it be otherwise with George Bricker as music master.

The school is heated by a new metal recently discovered here by Bob Bissell in his surveying. It is called Holdheat and is being used extensively in this part of the country in place of stoves. It seems this metal absorbs the heat rays of the sun and then slowly radiates the heat back into the air. Helen Ackerman, Bob's wife has been an indispensible help to him in his work. Henry Haupt has made a fortune selling this metal in New York. Too bad Mr. Garfield didn't know about this during the heatless Mondays of 1918.

Now I found myself entering a little office over the door of which hung a sign, "Matrimonial Agency" and who should be sitting at the desk but the proverbial women-hater Tom O'Donnell reading Mae Riemer's latest novel "The Irish Green." As I was watching Herman Brunk entered and inquired if his advertisement for a wife had brought any results. Poor Herman, and he used to be quite popular at M. H. S. While he and Tom were talking the slim figure of Edith Patterson appeared in the inner office door-way with some papers in her hand. Tom eagerly opened a long, blue envelope and pulled out a check from Barney Banks, for just a few days before Tom had succeeded in obtaining Ruth Wolford's agreement to the wedding. This is surely a flourishing business.

Across the street was a big dry goods store and my feminine fancy lurked me to its windows. Living models were displaying the most beautiful evening gowns, just arrived from "Lyon's Exclusive Shop." One of these models smiled at me but it was some time before I recognized her as Eunice Wilmoth. At the other end of the window was Margaret Downs displaying a most fascinating afternoon frock—her husband Charles Welch is a salesman in the store.

In far away Japan, seated in a little cherry blossom grove with her husband, was Helen Beer, looking just as sweet as ever. Josephine Staninger and her second husband Karl Schafer were taking tea with them. Karl is engaged in diplomatic work here and is making a great success of life, John Hampson held this place two years ago but he has been transferred to Berlin. He is still an old bachelor but has hopes that Francis Keane will soon say "Yes." Just at this moment Fred Redding drove up to invite the little party to attend the theater. Cuba Bormuth was starring in a late musical comedy the Cuban Cube and he is sure that it will be enjoyed by all. Of course they accepted. At the theater they were surprised to see almost the entire cast made up of their classmates. Margaret Miller was the leading chorus girl. Marie Mendlich was the singer and Ruth McClure the charming little toe dancer. Rhea Warne had designed the costumes.

Back in Mansfield again, Edna Yeingst and Wesley Boals are now married and keep the little grocery across from the High School. Martha Leppo is principal of the High School and all the teaching force are in uniforms, a late in-

novation of the new superintendant Margaret Lucas. The suits are bright red, designed by Josephine McFarland and they certainly light up the halls. Hazel Hetler and Helen Groff operate the elevators and are now very busy taking crowds of of people to the gymnasium. Gertrude Atton, the girls' basketball coach is very excited for the hardest game of the season is about to be played. I hope they will win. There were many familiar faces among the crowd but so youthful looking I could hardly realize that they were my old classmates, Bernice Bush, Ruth McClellan and Mary Hughes, all teachers in the High School. Justine Kemp was standing in the hall waiting for her husband Russell Easterday, the football coach.

On Main street I saw Ruth Them and Frank Imhoff with a market basket buying fresh vegetables in Wolfarth's market; Karl's wife Marie Maglott was waiting on them. Seated at a big desk in the News office was Dorothy Goetz reading over a pile of papers—she is now editor of the Mansfield News. Beside her was Alice Ropp the social editor—they were discussing Isla Starrett's success in the literary world.

Corrinne Coblentz is the founder of the girls Boarding School out near Casino Lake. Martha Poole is furnishing the financial backing for it. Charles Jackson and his wife Rosilie Becker are running the Southern Hotel and employ Eva Terman as a cabaret singer. Clarence Baumberger and Frieda Schettler are living out near South Park and keep a zoo. I met them as they were coming out of "Strocher's Movie Place" where Cecil Banks and Dorothy Arnold were starring in their latest picture play "The Humming Birds."

Slowly the pictures faded and across the mirror fluttered a silk flag of red, white and blue, our class colors and our school colors combined to form the flag of our nation. Beneath the flag were the words "Hitch your wagon to a star and then hang on."

MARGARET CRAMER '18.

Our prophetess no longer is as she once was—she now signs all documents, except prophecies, Mrs. A. B. Hawk.

Seniors Rechristened

Harriet Ackerman—Hastens Along.
Helen Ackerman—Happy, Active.
John Andrews—Jolly Andy.
Paul Angle—Perfect Answers
Dorothy Arnold—Davis's Apprentice.
Gertrude Atton—Giggling Always.
Barney Banks—Busy Barney.
Ceeil Banks—Cornet Blower.
Clarence Baumberger—Can Bluff.
Francis Beam—Funny Boy.
Leona Beam—Length (less) Breadth.
Lowell Beard—Loves (not) Books.
Rosilie Becker—Right Bonny.
Irma Bell—Industrious Body.
Sadye Bein—Some Brick.
Helen Beer—Heavenly Being.
Mabel Beer—Many Beaux.
Elsie Beeler—Ever Busy.
Maud Benninghoff—Most Beautiful.
Robert Bissell—Reubena's Beau.
Wesley Boals—Will Boast.
Cuba Bormuth—Calm, Blithe.
George Brieker—Good Behavior.
Herman Brunk—Has Brains.
Bernice Bush—Brings Brightness.
Mary Bush—Modest, Benevolent.
Arthur Callahan—Always Certain.
Lewis Cashell—Leisurely Candid.
Robert Campbell—Really Crazy.
Mildred Charles—(In)Matrimony Choicy.
Corinne Coblentz—Chattering Companion.
Cecil Cook—Certainly Cute.
Margaret Cramer—Most Charming.
Ona Davey—On Duty.
Fleta Dishong—Forever Doing.
Rhea Doolittle—Real Demure.
Margaret Downs—Manifold Duties.
Helen Dowling—His Darling.
John Durbin—Just Dubbing.
Russell Easterday—Reserves Energy.
Dorothy Goetz—Doing Good.
Lucile Gorman—Lucky Going.
Helen Groff—Handy Girl.
Irene Guthrie—Increasing Good-nature.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
MANSFIELD, OHIO

John Hampson—Jolly, Honest.
Martha Harbaugh—Makes Haste.
Paul Harris—Past Hustling.
Russell Hartenfels—Right Here.
Henry Haupt—Helps Himself.
Lillian Hawkins—Looking Happy.
Marie Hecht—Most Haughty.
Mildred Herring—Mirthful, Honorable.
Hazel Hetler—Has (a) Heart.
Martha Hughes—Matchless, Helpful.
Mary Hughes—Modest, Hopeful.
Frank Imhoff—Fine Ideas.
Marjorie Karns—Most Kind.
Francis Keane—Friendly, Keen.
Eugene Kegg—(n)Ever Knows.
Justine Kemp—Joyful Kid.
John Kramer—Judicious Kidder.
Frank Lee—Fond (of) Living.
Martha Leppo—Merry Lass.
Margaret Lucas—Most Lovable.
Russell Lutz—Receives Learning.
Pauline Lyons—Posting Letters.
Lucile LeMunyon—Loves Latin?
Anna Maglott—Active Maiden.
Marie Maglott—Merry Maker.
Helen Mamber—High Minded.
Marie Mendlich—Making Mischief.
Albert Miles—Admiring Mary.
Harold Miller—Has Might.
Margaret Miller—Marvelous Memory.
Ruth McClellan—Reads Much.
Ruth McClure—Rare Maid.
Josephine McFarland—Just Meek.
Linnie McFarland—Learning Much.
John McNaul—Judicial, Manly.
Edward Nixon—Ever Noncommittal.
Dwight McCullough—Dependable Man.
Dorothy Nolan—Deserves Notice.
Thomas O'Donnell—Talking Only.
Howard Oswalt—Helping Others.
Edith Patterson—Ever Present.
Arthur Pealer—Absent? Present?
Martha Poole—Meditative, Patient.
Mary Porch—Mastering Pealer.
Helen Race—Hospital Ranks.
Fred Redding—Forever Reliable.
Mae Riemer—Maidenly, Reasonable.

Maurice Rice—Most Ridiculous.
Alice Ropp—Always Ready.
Carrie Robinson—Careful Reasoner.
Haldon Scott—Having Sense.
Pauline Scott—Piano Student.
Frieda Schettler—Friend Sincere.
Karl Schafer—Knightly Scapegrace.
Verda Shambaugh—Voice Sweet.
Josephine Staninger—Jolly Senior.
Isla Starrett—Is Smiling.
Leola Stewart—Likes Study.
Helen Sutter—Helpful Student.
Gayle Swain—Gifted Socially.
Eva Terman—Ever Trying.
Ruth Them—Rather Timid (?)
Naomi Todd—Never (too) Late.
Mary Tryon—Much Talking.
Gilbert VanTillburg—Good, Virtuous.
Helen Wallace—Honest, Worthy.
Ruth Wolford—Reciting Wonderfully.
Rhea Warne—Rarely Weary.
Lucile Webber—Looks Winning.
Charles Welch—Copies Well.
Earnest Wheaton—Endeavors Willingly.
Eunice Wilmoth—Earnest Worker.
Edna Yeingst—Energetic? Yes!
Karl Wolfarth—Kills Work.

When Electricity Was King

At the beginning of the twenty-first century an inventor had built a fuel engine which surpassed everything in efficiency and speed. The patent had been taken over by a wealthy syndicate which had used it in a six wheeled automobile, the Excelsior.

Pierpont Jackson was the only child of the president of this syndicate and having always been indulged, considered himself infallible. He claimed that a machine which could travel two hundred miles per hour could not be surpassed; in this he was opposed by Darmon DeLepsette who claimed he could invent a machine, driven by electricity, that would outclass the Excelsior.

Darmon DeLepsette was a young man who had come to believe that an electrical charge could be broken down and sent through the air to run an independent motor. He had inherited a small fortune which he had generously used in following this idea. Darmon had for some time been paying his attentions to the daughter of Mr. Lowe, another man in the controlling affairs of the syndicate, when Pierpont, becoming acquainted with Miss Lowe at a ball, became Darmon's rival.

One morning Darmon received a letter from his attorney stating that the money invested in certain stocks had been lost and his usual allowance could not be sent him. As he had all but completed a generator with which he was able to transmit power to a small model electroplane he believed that he would get the syndicate to back him.

That evening the directors of the syndicate held a meeting and Darmon took up the matter with them. He found that Pierpont wielded considerable influence but he argued that the invention when completed would bring about many changes; barriers now existing could be overcome, time of crossing the ocean could be cut down to one-tenth, trains could be operated by one man, battleships would be more effective and, in short, showed that the benefits to our country would be inestimable. Pierpont then took the floor and declared that an invention of this type was impossible, that an attempt to back such a daring venture would cast a reflection on the company's name and as there had been no demonstration, the engine in the Excelsior could have no rival,—there was much discussion which ended finally against Darmon.

One evening a theater party was arranged with Darmon to accompany Miss Lowe. Pierpont hearing of the plans sent a forged letter, presumably from another town, announcing that Darmon could not be there on account of a pressing business engagement. Pierpont gave the letter to a messenger boy to deliver. Soon after the delivery of the letter, Miss Lowe received a call on the wireless telephone from Pierpont asking her for the theater party that evening and feeling Darmon's supposed slight, she consented.

Pierpont called earlier than Darmon had arranged to do and it so happened as they were leaving they passed Darmon. Darmon's attentions ceased but the Excelsior was seen often at the Lowe home.

Darmon confined himself more and more to his workshop and with the aid of some borrowed capital kept a force of mechanics working day and night.

One day the purr of a strange motor was heard coming from one section of his workshop, then slowly the electroplane was brought out, and suddenly it glided

into the air going higher, darting hither and thither like something just conscious of its new born energy.

Many such flights followed and one afternoon while on a long cross country flight he saw a mass of wreckage heaped in the main road. Going lower he discovered the wreckage to be from a collision between a heavy truck and a pleasure car. Having made a landing, he inquired of a solitary bystander the nature of the accident. He gathered that a girl had been seriously hurt while her father had been rendered unconscious, both had been carried to a neighboring farm-house where a physician had been summoned. Glancing at the wreckage he noted for the first time the monogram of Lowe. Going to the house he was met by the grave-faced physician who informed him that Miss Lowe's injuries were of such a nature that a specialist must be brought from the city within four hours if her life was to be saved. In the meantime a shadow darkened the door but was unnoticed by Darmon; the doctor continued, a message had been sent to Mr. Graham, the specialist, to be ready. At this point a voice interrupted by asking:

"What is his address?"

Turning around Darmon saw Pierpont Jackson framed in the doorway. Startled, he said evenly:

"I will bring Mr. Graham here in time," taking the address and starting for the plane at the same time.

Pierpont whirled about and hurried to his car. The Excelsior was well started before the plane rose swiftly from the earth. It was a race between an electric power engine and a fuel engine.

The specialist was in Spokane three hundred seventy-five miles distant from the scene of the accident so that a machine like the Excelsior could barely cover the distance in time.

The electroplane was now moving swiftly toward the approaching storm clouds which if they caught it would bring disaster to the induction machinery. Darmon must go above them or go down in defeat. Throwing in his last speed he slowly mounted to safety.

The Excelsior was racing madly along far below, the plane gained on it slowly then faster till gaining greater speed, it passed far ahead of it. The city suddenly loomed up on the horizon. Slowing up suddenly he was barely able to make a landing at the desired place.

The specialist was there but hesitated on entering the electroplane, but being assured by Darmon he entered and they were soon off on the return trip.

In exactly two hours and a half the electroplane was again at the scene of the accident. Three weeks later while working in his shop he was handed an invitation from Miss Lowe to come to her house. He was interrupted by the boy:

"Say Captain," he drawled, "Did you give a letter to that Jackson fellow from you to Miss Lowe a couple of months ago?"

"No, why?" said Darmon.

"Well, I will tell you. About two months ago I had a call to deliver a letter apparently from you in a neighboring town."

This evidence proved Pierpont's duplicity and Darmon was once again left in undisturbed possession of the field.

Soon afterwards negotiations were opened for the purchase of the invention which had proved that electricity was king.

ALBERT MILES '18.

Junior Class Officers

President	HAROLD DONLEY
Vice-President	JACK CROUSE
Treasurer	RALPH BAER
Secretary	MARY DANN
Sergeant-at-arms	PAUL SOTHERLAND

Junior Class Poem

Here's to the class of the Juniors—
A toast I am glad to propose;
It s the biggest and best of all classes,
That's true, as everyone knows.

The Juniors are proud of their High School,
They are loyal to old M. H. S.
They're always working, and never once shirking,
To make the school a success.

There's not a doubt of their learning,
In classrooms they're quite at ease;
I sometimes think that their wisdom
Exceeds that of old Socrates.

Although they like fun and amusement,
They work at each study and task,
The boys are the wittiest, the girls are the prettiest,
And really what more could you ask?

Without doubt they're the very best Juniors
That the school has ever seen,
So here's to the class, that none can surpass,
Our Class of Nineteen—Nineteen.

LUCILE RICHARDSON, '19.

JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors

Ackerman, Charles
Arnold, Donna
Adams, Glenn
Althouse, Elizabeth
Andrews, Harold
Aughey, Mary
Bissman, Ruth
Brooks, Florence
Becker, Ruth
Blindt, Dorothy
Byrd, Mary
Beck, Howard
Black, Robert
Brown, Clarence
Baer, Ralph
Baker, Margery
Bell, Lillian
Boling, Robert
Bukwalter, Dorothy
Casey, Mary
Copeland, Mabel
Conn, Mary
Crouse, Jack
Case, Florence
Caris, Gertrude
Daum, Ethel
Dobbs, Margaret
Dunmore, Clara
Davis, Ruth
Dobbs, Miriam
Dann, Mary
Donley, Harold
Egert, Efflo
Fox, Etta
Frankenberger, Inez
Fisher, Charles
Ford, Tom
Foulks, Dorothea
Fernyak, Anna
Frey, James
Gerrell, Thelma
Gray, Flossie
Garber, Chauncey
Hostetter, Sharlot
Hammett, Merle
Herr, Howard
Hughes, Thomas
Haupt, Arthur
Herring, Florence
Hershey, Gladys
Hoffman, Lloyd
Hughes, Frances
Hutzelman, William
Hardman, Ruth
Hecht, Magdalen
Hein, Katherine
Jeffery, Lamont
Jarvis, Kenneth
Kemp, Helen
Kleinfelter, Pauline
Kramer, Dorothy
Kline, Raymond
Kenney, John
Long, Eula
Lowmaster, Katherine
Laver, Mary Ellen
McFarland, Esther
Miller, Mercile
Magee, Reubena
McCready, Martha
Murray, Donovan
Marquis, Howard
Miller, Fred
Miller, Robert
McVicar, Harold
Morris, Barbara
Morris, Florence
Mowry, Georgia.
Ozier, Helen
Oster, Howard
Oswalt, Edson
Piper, Gladys
Pfeifer, Harold
Pollock, Howard
Post, Helen
Price, Martha Mary
Radler, Hannah.
Richardson, Lucile
Rust, Hugh
Richards, Donald
Robinson, Neil
Snyder, Doris
Schaeffer, Winona
Schuler, Ernest
Schwier, Minnie
Snyder, Paul
Sotherland, Paul
Stichler, Nina
Stortz, Emma
Sword, Charles
Smith, Elizabeth
Sowash, Grace
Seitz, Carl
Tryon, Agnes
Thierlein, Dorothy
Tingley, Everett
Uhlich, De Lee
Vanmoster, Mabel
Wien, Emma
Wolf, Anna
Wentz, Sherman
Whisler, Hazel
Wierman, Wilbur
Wolfe, Lela

Spy Peril

The shady, tree-shadowed streets of Greenville were cool for Jimmy Nelson as he sauntered lazily over the loose board-walk. Farther down the street, the "ten-eighteen" had just pulled away from the small shabby station that proclaimed the name "Greenville" to the world who rode past it. This morning the only passenger who got off at Greenville was now hurrying up the street. As Jimmy neared him, he saw the man was heavy set, with red cheeks, blue eyes, a plentiful supply of light brown hair, and a corresponding small mustache with a neat upward twirl. His features and appearance spelled Teutonic. He only gave a passing glance at Jimmy for the boy was not one to command attention. Freckled and red-cheeked, with grave brown eyes that had a curious way of studying people, Jimmy was scarcely different from the average twelve-year old boy in a town of a thousand.

The youth turned sharply into an alley at the right, and walked on until he came to an old barn. There another boy was standing. As Jimmy approached, the guard stepped out and challenged him.

"Give the password," he demanded.

"Anti-propagandists," said Jimmy with difficulty.

After considering a moment about the correct pronunciation, the sentry stepped aside, and Jimmy opened the barn door.

It is needless to say that the closed barn was far from cool. But the Order of the Fearful Four stood for ceremony. Near the center three boys were talking in low tones.

"Call the Grand Chieftain of the World in," one of the boys directed Jimmy.

He stepped outside and summoned the sentry.

The members of the Fearful Four took their respective places. On account of the limited membership, each member held an office.

The Supreme Councilor took his position of dignity upon a bale of straw. The Grand Chieftain took his place upon the left, the Exalted Advisor stood on the left, and Jimmy as the Mighty Ruler of the Universe, sat at his feet. The boy behind the Councilor was introduced as his cousin "who had come to see our meeting, and the good work we do, so he could organize the same kind of an order."

The new business came first. In this benevolent order, the lowest in rank was allowed to speak first, so Jimmy arose and said:

"We have decided to help our country by helping find spies. In our town now, there is a spy. He came this morning. I saw him. There was a bomb in his pocket, and his suitcase held dynamite. He carried something in his hand as if he was afraid he might drop it. I bet if he would have dropped it, we wouldn't have to say our prayers tonight."

"Why didn't you follow him?" the Supreme Councilor said excitedly.

"A man who has such dirty work to do won't leave town for awhile."

"Arise, Mighty Ruler of the Universe, I appoint you to trail this man and kill him as you would any traitor."

About noon Jimmy headed toward the main part of town where he and his widowed mother lived above the general store kept by his uncle. Slipping through the kitchen, he hurried toward the pantry, but was stopped by his mother.

"Jimmy," she said impressively, "we have a new boarder and roomer. I want you to be real polite, remember your "sirs" and excuse yourself when you leave the table. He is so like your late lamented father, the same blue eyes and mustache. His name is Herr Otto Blumenbarg."

Jimmy paid no more attention to the flattering of the gentleman by his mother but stole into the next room to look at him.

"Our spy," he said instantly.

Jimmy's mother further enlightened him by telling the Herr was a Professor of Music. At the table, he held full sway over the conversation telling of his favorite dishes of sauerkraut and of the excellence of Wagner and other subjects dear to the German heart. Jimmy was quite bored by the talk, and quite disgusted by the admiring and adoring looks his mother sent to the speaker of the hour.

Jimmy began the trailing of his man. He seldom left the house and spent most of the time in his room. He kept the room carefully locked so Jimmy didn't find out what the suitcase contained. Thus far, Herr Blumenbarg was fulfilling satisfactorily all the requirement of the sinister spy of fiction. He was secrecy itself. Already three weeks had elapsed since his arrival, but Jimmy was undaunted as he knew spies required much time to get settled and prepared to carry out their blood-thirsty schemes. Now his mother called her boarder Otto, and sauerkraut with a large side-dish of not mild enough cheese, sat on the table where, in the good old days, the meat-platter used to rest. Mrs. Nelson thought seriously of having Herr Professor give her son music lessons. When Jimmy saw him working himself into the good graces of Mrs. Nelson, he attributed it to the methods of an accomplished spy in getting on good terms with the important persons of the town before beginning their works of destruction. Herr Otto was a model spy.

Jimmy made such entrances in his notebook that was afterward handed in as a report to the Fearful Four.

Tuesday—The Professor stayed in room from ten to four. Queer ticking noise. Improved model of bomb. Looking for something any minute.

Thursday—Tried to look through key-hole. Saw most of Prof.'s back. Some noises.

The following Saturday, Jimmy sat reading a book, but still warily watching the Professor's locked door. Suddenly Herr Otto dashed wildly out the door and down the stairs. He had forgotten to lock his door! This was Jimmy's longed-for chance. Pushing the door open, he saw a confusion of springs and fine wires lying about in disorder on table and chairs. And something in a small square box was steadily ticking out the moments. Already the instrument of their destruction and that of the big store below was counting out their seconds of life. In a moment there would be a deafening explosion. Jimmy felt light-headed and his knees began to give way. He felt it was a pity he couldn't be decently buried in one place, but would have to be widely scattered. Little things he had done, now he regretted. He went to sleep last night without saying his prayers. But that infernal machine

kept still ticking, nearing the last moment. Suddenly Jimmy thought there might be enough time to hurl that thing out of the window. He seized it gingerly and was surprised to find how heavy it was. But it would have to weigh much to be deadly. If it exploded, in his hands, his life would be given to his country. Maybe the town would erect a monument for him with the words,

"Dedicated to that valiant and heroic youth, James Nelson, who gave his life for his fellow-townsmen." He had reached the window. He let it drop into the big rain barrel. He knew it wouldn't explode.

He sat down in a chair, weak all over. He never knew he could be such a hero. The next act to be done, was to capture the spy. But love of personal glory is a human weakness, and was Jimmy's. So he ran over to the headquarters of the Fearful Four, which was located in the barn. Breathlessly he told his daring act, and painted it with detail. But they were unbelieving so he had to lead them over to his house to convince them.

Pointing to a dark shape at the bottom of the barrel, he said,

"See that; that's a bomb. If it wouldn't have been for me, people would be going around picking you up.

"Suppose it will go off?" spoke up one of the more timid.

"Not on your life," said Jimmy with lofty knowledge.

Already angry voices could be heard coming from the second story and you could hear distinct German words.

"The spy's come back," Jimmy said excitedly, "and is mad because we're not dead. now we'll get him."

Softly they stole up the back stairs and in the hallway they saw Herr Otto talking loud and angrily.

"And I came here, looking for peace and quiet," the professor was shouting, "to perfect my new invention for a better metronome, and it was done and I hurried down this afternoon to telegraph my success to my manager, and when I return some small boy have thrown my precious discovery into a rain barrel!"

Mrs. Nelson was repeating how sorry she was, and it wasn't the least bit like Jimmy, he wouldn't think of doing such a thing; and she couldn't see how it ever happened. The professor was madly walking back and forth, tearing his hair, and saying things he wouldn't have thought of in a normal state of mind.

By this time, three awed and rather frightened youngsters crept down the back stairs, leaving Jimmy to face the situation.

That night held stinging and painful memories for Jimmy.

The professor, with the iron hand of his father, mercilessly keeps Jimmy at the piano practicing countless exercises, while the perfect metronome tauntingly counts the time.

CHARLES SWORD.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Ambition

Since we're aiming for success through life in every station,
We're in the Sophomore cabin of the good ship Education;
The Sophomore pedagogues form our stalwart crew,
And they, we know, will faithfully see us through.
But our happy periods with them now are nearly over,
Still their log-book's records will o'er above us hover.
Those records, deservingly, some will detain,
Cause some to leave us, inspire some to remain.
And as our ship plows onward through Life's seas
We'll name our cabin "Junior," study then with ease;
Some day we hope to call that change our Graduation,
It's the honor we all work for on the good ship Education.

H. C. KOERSCHER '29.

In Memoriam

■

LEONA BERRY

1902—1918

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of our classmate, Leona Berry. Her quiet and gentle manner won her many friends, both pupils and teachers, who sorrowfully learned that she would be with them no more.

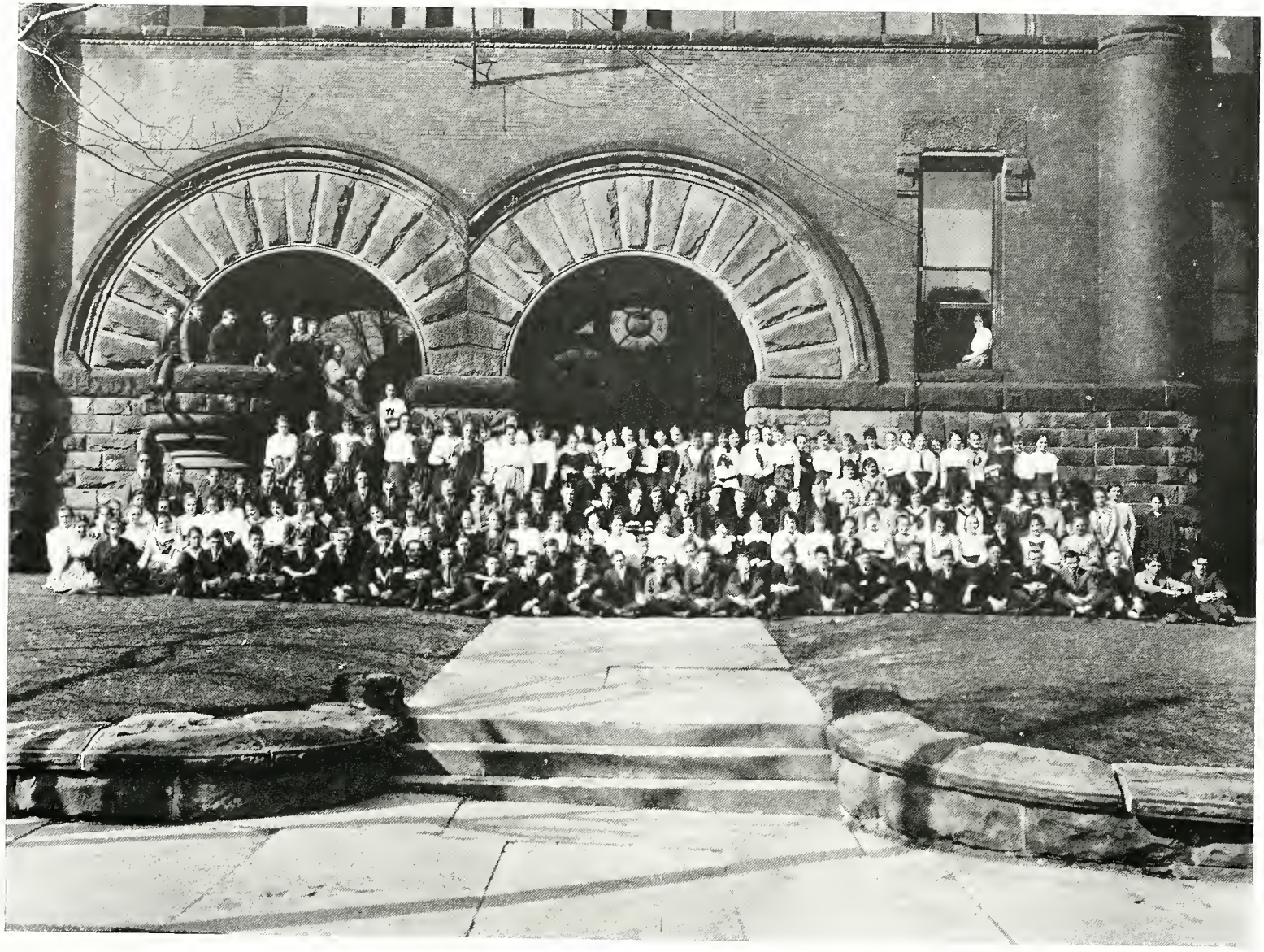
FRED BERRY

1900—1918

Whose death in February greatly grieved his friends and fellow students. Although quiet and reserved his trustworthiness and earnestness endeared him to all.

■

To the parents, we, the High School, extend our heartfelt sympathy.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomores

Ackerman, Margaret
Adams, Harold
Arndt, Emma
Aughey, Lydia
Blackman, Bessie
Bergstrom, Teddy
Brown, Lloyd
Burrer, Wilbert
Bushnell, Harvey
Beck, Marguerite
Bahl, Gaylord
Barr, Laura
Bein, Helen
Blackman, Bessie
Bell, Ruth
Benson, Helen
Bishop, Helen
Bissman, Louise
Boggs, Eulalia
Bricker, Martin
Bricker, Thelma
Brunk, Bertha
Burns, Marian
Bushnell, Alverda
Bookwalter, Floyd
Bell, Kenneth
Beam, Fern
Beverstock, Mary
Bing, Lawson
Brown, Ephriam
Brightbell, Hazel
Byrd, Grace
Balyeat, Thelma
Charles, Lieta
Campbell, Florence
Clifford, Gladys
Clinton, Mildred
Chapman, Harold
Calhoun, Mary
Crum, James
Carr, Evangeline
Conley, Lillian
Copeland, Glenn
Crider, Paul
Chase, Ben
Cummins, David
Campbell, Frances
Campbell, Miriam
Coss, John
Crouch, Charles
Day, Mable
Daum, George
Doolittle, Lois
Daugherty, Chester
Dickson, Bernice
Darling, Pauline
Davis, Elma
Davis, Blanche
Davis, Earl
Dillinger, Leona
Dann, Edward
Dishong, Jennings
Duffy, Ruth
Doerr, Florence
Eckert, Clarence
Eckert, Mabel
Edes, Helen
Erdenberger, Russell
Fisher, Paul
Fox, Augustus
Foy, Elsie
Fickes, Gladys
Fraley, Alva
Fighter, Owen
Fernyak, Frances
Graham, Margaret
Geisman, Florence
Glasener, Ralph
Gantt, Katherine
Gerrell, Donald
Gibson, Edward
Hatzenroeder, Richard
Heston, Susie
Hursh, Paul
Herring, Dorothy
Heath, Helen
Hartupee, Abigail
Haverfield, Dorothy
Hancock, Charles
Herring, Gaylord
Huff, Gladys
Houston, Erma
Harris, Roger
Houston, Bertha
Helter, Ruth
Hancock, Mable
Henry, Hilda
Ish, Esther
Johnson, Raymond
Kaerscher, Harry
Kagey, Martha
Knopp, Lester
Koller, Kathrina
Kirkpatrick, Vergil
Kochheiser, Harland
LeGear, Helen
Lyons, Dorothy
Lorrow, Lucille
Laughbaum, Ozella
Leary, Blake
Longsdorf, Ethel
Lantz, David
Leach, Victor
Loomis, Warren
Lent, Weltha
Lewis, Carl
Laird, Catherine
Murray, Rodney
Miller, Margaret
McBride, Miriam
McLaughlin, Nellie
McCready, Gerald
Moore, Lyman
Mowry, Ruth
McCrory, Vera
Myers, Helen
Mitchell, Philip
McDermott, Dudley
Meyer, Ellis

Marlow, Harry
Mamber, Frances
McLean, Edith
Munnell, Ruth
Munson, Irene
Mattox, Linton
Nail, Charles
Porch, Russell
Palmer, Katherine
Pollock, Katherine
Parsons, Elizabeth
Perry, Beatrice
Redrup, Hale
Rusk, Warren
Remy, Miriam
Randall, Paul
Richard, Helen
Smith, Rhea
Shively, Mildred
Staizer, Leslie
Somers, Margaret
Sotherland, Kenneth
Staninger, Thelma
Somers, Gertrude
Sauerbrun, Dorothy
Shurance, Lydia
Stewart, Gladys
Strang, Marvel
Stull, Gladys
Schultz, Paul
Seidell, Ford
Sturges, Hale
Schmidt, Cathryn
Sizler, Helen
Tryon, Margaret
Terman, Naomi
Tucker, Donald
Thoma, John
Taylor, Irene
Tappan, Alfred
Thomas, Cathryn
Underwood, Harold
Upson, Eleanor
Valentine, William
VanOsdol, Vivian
Wolford, Mary
Willis, Katherine
Waring, Janett
Wendell, Grace
Winters, Harold
Walker, Evelyn
Workman, Mary
Wheeler, Margaret
Wooden, Martha
Waddle, Jessie
Wolf, Raymond
Watts, Paul
Wescott, Daisy
Young, Edna
Yoha, Irene

The Call of the Flag

Dudley Fairfax settled himself comfortably and turned to watch the flying landscape. The big limited was carrying him northwest to college, to Gettysburg. The car wheels ground out the refrain, "College, Gettysburg, college, Gettysburg." To Dudley Fairfax, a Georgian boy, Gettysburg was a synonym with Civil War and his thoughts flew back to the times of which his father had told him.

Dudley did not want to go to Gettysburg, he did not want to be near the scene of that great Northern victory of the Civil War. But Gettysburg was his father's college and to Gettysburg he was going. How often had his father, the first Dudley Fairfax, told him of the bitter days at college when the war broke out. He always remembered the story of that morning at breakfast, when Tom McAllister,his father's roommate, had jumped on a chair and drawing a flag from his coat, had rung out a call to the Northern colors. The Northern boys left college and shortly afterward the Southern lads, under his father, had presented themselves for service to General Lee. Dudley's heart filled with pride at the thought of men like Lee and Jackson and a long dormant hate against the North arose once more.

It may seem strange to us, to whom the Civil War is a most ancient war, but consider Dudley's side, for to him its effects were real and personal. His father had been wounded at Appomattox and was an invalid until his death. The first Dudley Fairfax had not been married until he was a middle-aged man and Dudley remembered his father as an old gray-haired soldier who spoke with great bitterness against Federal Government and Flag. The Fairfaxes had suffered at the hands of the Northern army. Their home "Fairfax" had been demolished in Sherman's march through Georgia and Dudley's young mother had fought and endured bitter poverty. To Dudley the North was the cause of this and in his mind even the present government was in some way to blame for their hardships.

Now he was going to Gettysburg, and against his will. Through all his father's tirades against the North the love of his Alma Mater had never died out and his one wish was to have Dudley go to Gettysburg Finally under his mother's influence, a Northern woman at heart, Dudley had, by tutoring, prepared to enter the Sophomore class.

The train stopped with a jerk and Dudley came out of his day dream. Gathering his bags he got off the car with several boys wearing the blue and orange. College men, he presumed and stepping up to one said, "Can you show me the way to the College, suh."

"Sure thing," grinned the boy, "just come with me." "Freshie?" His voice expressed a question.

"No, Soph. I have tutored through the freshman year."

"Well now, I'm a soph, too. My name is McAllister, Tom McAllister."

"By George," ejaculated Dudley, "Did your fathah-er—I mean was he at the head of the Northern men that left college when the Civil War broke out?"

"Why—er yes, I guess so; what of it?"

"Well, you see, I am Dudley Fairfax and my father—"

"Oh yes, I know. Sure dad often told me of that "Red" rooming with him."

"My fathah," snapped Dudley, "was a Southernah."

"Whew! Pepper! Your head's not red for nothing is it?" Say Travers," he added, turning to a boy at his side, "this is Dudley Fairfax alias Pepper and the newest addition to the Sophs. Pepper, this is Travers our football hero, the only living—"

"Shut up," growled Travers, "Glad to meet you Fairfax. It's a good hazing you missed by being a Soph."

"I'm mighty glad—began Dudley but Tom broke in with "Say, fellows, come to my room tonight and then we'll "rush" some Freshies. Gee, I hope my roommate's not a nut."

"Here's the college," boomed Travers, then turning to the other groups he yelled, "Give a yell for Gettysburg, the Mighty Might, all together—and their voices split the air with

"Bracky corax corix coree
Bracky corax corix coree
Hulla Bello Bilee billah
Gettysburg! Gettysburg!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

After registration and assignments, Dudley wandered in search of his room. Gettysburg was peaceful and calm, while the old white Dorm gave no hint of all it had seen in days gone by. Strangely enough Dudley half expected to see soldiers in gray and blue. As he turned down one corridor he was tripped and fell sprawling on the floor. Two husky boys leaned against the wall laughing with all their might. Dudley jumped up, his fists clenched and eyes snapping, "Who did that?"

"Evidently you did from the noise," replied one, then laughed again.

"Who tripped me?" reiterated Dudley.

"Na—ow Freshy calm down. This is the way—"

"I'm no Freshy, I'm a Sophomore. But I pity the Freshman if this is the kind of a welcome you all give 'em."

"A Soph" said the first speaker ruefully rubbing his chin. "Better wear a ticket. I'm a Soph too. No hard feeling I hope? I'm "Dutch" Keller and this is Heiny Hines."

"Glad to meet you. I'm Dudley Fairfax; of course there's no hard feelin.' Can you —all show me the way to room one, suh?"

"First room down the hall, this side," was the reply.

"So long" and Dudley hurried to his room.

He knocked, but upon receiving no answer, entered the room, which was large and light. He had begun to put his things away when a voice shouted.

"Hey! What are you doing in my drawers? Get out."

Wheeling about, Dudley faced Tom McAllister.

"By jove!" cried Tom. "Are you my roommate? Well of all luck. This was Dad's room too. But say," he hurried on, "clean up quick, cause the boys are comin' in tonight and we're going to "rush" some tender greenhorns. Tra—la."

That same rush Dudley never forgot. About twenty Sophomores crept silently out of the Dorm. A party of unsuspecting Freshmen were surveying the campus by moonlight. At a given signal the Sophs rushed at them, bearing them to the

earth. From the scuffle that ensued came the cry "Freshmen all out" and from the Dorm came a horde of boys. Then the rush began in earnest. The Sophs forming a "stonewall" line and the Freshmen attempting to break it with wedge-like drives. When the upper classmen appeared on the scene, they decreed that each Soph should wrestle his man. Dudley found himself up against a tall Swede. He wrestled and struggled finally throwing his opponent but the Swede was so tall that Dudley could not manage his head when he was keeping his feet down. At last the "rush" was over, so with a victorious yell the Sophs departed to the Dorm.

A few weeks later, when Gettysburg was quietly following the regular routine, "Prexy" addressed the boys in chapel. His subject was "Military Training at Gettysburg." Few, he said could go to Plattsburg or any other training camp, but all needed a soldier's discipline. Therefore the Faculty decided that if the boys wished, they would introduce Military Training at Gettysburg. Those in favor of this were to meet Coach Gregg at 3:15 on the gridiron.

Of course, the new plan formed the subject of the day's conversation and practically all favored the plan. Dutch Keller, Henry Hines and Dudley were among the few who opposed. Dutch and Henry because the idea of drill distrubed their easy-going natures, Dudley because it savored of service under the Northern Flag; even saluting the flag was a hateful performance to him. "Talk about the flag protecting" he reflected. "Talk about freedom, Huh. Never protected us. Only freed niggars." But wisely Dudley said nothing and joined the boys in the training under Coach Gregg who was often assisted by an officer from the encampment of the battlefield.

Dudley was busy every minute of the weeks that followed. He studied, when, no one knew, not even Tom McAllister. He played football and suddenly found himself on the Varsity as left end. But every night he joined Tom, Travers and the rest in innumerable stunts. A favorite, was to fill a large paper bag with water, then standing at the window above the main door, throw it down on the head of some Freshy, dressed to visit a fair co-ed, with a very dampening effect.

One final struggle remained between the Freshman and Sophs on "Color Day." The aim of each class was to permanently fix their colors and numerals in some prominent place and prevent their rivals from putting up their colors by nine-thirty on the evening of Color Day. The Sophs had two committees, one to put up their colors the other to keep the Freshmen from succeeding. "Dutch" and Dudley formed the first committee.

The committee kept their plans secret. They were the result of "Dutch's" fertile brain. "Put their colors on the flag pole of the Dorm."

"What of the flag?" Henry queried. "It has never been taken down."

"Oh rats. It's just ordinary bunting. It needs a rest. Dud you do it. Climb up into the cupola; the roof of the cupola is flat so you can get on the steps." Instructive Dutch!

"Yes—but what'll you—all do" inquired Dudley.

"We'll get one of the cannon, drag it to the Dorm steps and paint our numerals on it. Clever scheme, isn't it? We'll meet you on the steps at nine-thirty. So long," and the meeting broke up.

About nine o'clock, putting the class colors under his old jersey, Dudley stepped

ont into the corridor. Silently he crept up the steps with his skeleton key unlocked the door which opened at the circular steps leading to the cupola. He climbed until he reached the cupola. Close at hand was the old bell he was to ring when his task was done, and there was the slender ladder ending in a trap door that opened on the cupola roof. Dudley climbed the ladder, pushed open the door and stood on the roof of the old Dorm cupola.

Below him lay the town, beyond it the moonlit battlegrounds. The night was clear, the pale moonlight made it seem like day and far off on the surrounding battlefields lay the tents of the encampment. Thousands of tents, white in the moonlight. Above him floated the flag, those glorious, wind-tossed colors. As he stood there enchanted with the beauty of the night, the old flag was blown against him, it's brave folds wrapped about him. Over there stretched the tents of the men who were to fight for this flag; who were to carry the freedom of this flag to foreign shores who were to die for this flag that enfolded him. And out of the night was born the love of his country, effacing the bitterness of old, so turning, Dudley saluted "his flag."

Slowly he climbed down, the task forgotten until he met Keller and Hines.

"All right?" queried Keller.

"Couldn't do it" replied Dudley and before Keller could respond the clock struck the half-hour and on the dome of the observatory glistened a large 21.

The next afternoon an old general who had seen hard service spoke to the boys. Simply and effectively, he spoke of their duty as men of the United States, their duty to humanity. "Surely among you there are some" he finished, "who for love of our flag and country will volunteer to join the army and give their services, their lives for democracy?"

In the silence, greater than applause, that followed, Dudley Fairfax stepped forward, and, standing at salute, ready to fight, ready to die for his country, said:

"I, suh! I volunteer."

KATHERINE KOLLER.

FRESHMAN

The Class of '21

The upper classmen they can write
With a love that's born of time,
Of their class, it's knowledge, strength and might
And all of it will rhyme.
They write of wars and victories,
Just like the Greeks of old,
Although they fight not man to man,
But team 'twixt team, we're told.

And Oh! those high and mighty ones,
How scornfully they shun,
The struggling Freshman's lowly rank,
And distant '21.
For very apt they're to forget,
In time's consuming thirst,
There never was a Senior yet,
Who was not Freshman first.

But we're a class, with spirit strong,
And stick through thick and thin,
To class, to school, to work and song,
And to our fellowmen.
For we are royal, true and loyal,
Honest as the sun,
And the love of our class, is the love of each lass,
And each lad of '21.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen

Antrican, Paul
Arehart, Ruth
Aughey, LaRue
Au, Zada
Ackerman, Russel
Ackerman, Robert
Bare, Edna
Browneller, Dollia
Bonham, Ruth
Burnham, Harriett
Boling, Eugene
Beard, Charles
Borchard, Donald
Basenty, Karl
Brooker, Ruth
Balyeat, Herman
Boals, Frend
Barr, Marie
Bell, Alfaretta
Beal, Florence
Bristor, Miriam
Bell, Gertrude
Berno, Constance
Berry, Viola
Babcock, Grace
Brown, Anna
Bailey, Harvey
Bolles, Harry
Branson, Arden
Butz, Edmond
Barrett, Elizabeth
Boyan, Thelma
Booze, Lucile
Cole, Chester
Charles, Dorothy
Cairns, Katharine
Crutchett, Gilbert
Crawford, Thelma
Carpenter, Richard
Cook, Leona
Cope, Olive
Colwell, Richard
Crouch, Eleanor
Cake, Sara
Cairns, Mary
Carroll, Dorothy
Constance, Elvina
Ditwiler, Dale
Dille, Wilhelmina
Dice, Ellen
Day, Lucile
Dorner, Mary
Deppe, Bertha
Doolittle, Edith
Davis, Lillian
Dow, Olive
Dravis, Dorothy
Ehrman, Harland
Engwiller, Christine
Emery, Mabel
Evans, Dorothy
Frisbee, Roswell
Fitzsimmons, Harvey
Fensch, Edwin
Funston, Foster
Fraley, Beatrice
Fisher, Arabella
Flockenzier, George
Goetz, Joe
Griffith, Howard
Gresmer, Margaret
Garber, Louise
Grogg, Alice
Graham, Cecil
Henry, Vaughn
Haas, Edna
Hardwidge, Dorothy
Heitz, Clara
Hunt, Ross
Harbaugh, Mary
Harmon, Dale
Hoffman, Mildred
Hays, Dilma
Haverfield, Roy
Hemperly, Anna
Haffley, Henrietta
Henley, Edith
Hill, Catherine
Herring, Erma
Hogebarger, Isabella
Harvey, Marvis
Hoffman, Hazel
Harbeson, Robert
Harbaugh, Harold
Harnly, Raymond
Hall, Ethel
Imhoff, Clay
Johns, Ethel
Johnson, Effie
Johns, Elizabeth
Jones, Mildred
Kasmer, Mabel
Keller, Julia
Kling, Elizabeth
Kemp, Marie
Kindinger, Eleanor
Kirkendall, Helen
Kemble, Kenneth
Kennedy, Louise
Leedale, Helen
Lorimor, Florence
Lape, Bosworth
Long, Jay
Lee, Mary
LaBarre, Osler
LeMunyon, James
Lucas, Carrie
Leaman, Lloyd
Lutz, Earl
Long, Kenneth
Leach, Richard
Lape, Mary
Muth, Earl
McGregor, Herman
McClellan, Lucile
May, Russell
McIlvaine, Clarence
McFadden, Gladys
Mayer, Anna
Mountain, Russell
Mumert, Frank
Mowry, Roselyn

Mowry, Ruth
Martin, Sarah
McKee, Hugh
Moore, Carrie
McCrory, Harrison
Militello, Joseph
Miller, Harold
Manitzer, Irma
McMullen, Mary
Newlon, Mildred
Neer, Karl
Nichols, Dorothy
Novatrey, Marie
Nolan Emily
Nye, Herbert
Oster, Eliza
Oliver, Eugene
Poling, Raymond
Palm, Edwin
Page, Helen
Parsons, Richard
Pierce, Walter
Parker, Florence
Padgett, Robbert
Poth, Ray
Panlo, Walter
Robinson, Treva
Robinson, Hester
Reinhart, Richard
Ruley, Gerald
Ropp, Mary
Robinson, Alfred
Remy, Marie
Robinson, Lawrence
Rusk, Herbert
Rife, Gayle
Richardson, Robert
Rheinart, James
Rautz, Lucile
Ritchie, Paul
Snider, Ralph
Spicer, Lelya
Smithhisler, Frances
Stone, Vera
Sowash, Harvey
Smith, Glenn
Smith, Ralph
Stahlheber, Fritz
Sutter, Charles
Shafer, Margaret
Shunkwiler, Margery
Schroeder, Minnie
Snyder, Harold
Shaffer, Murray
Schettler, Herbert
Stephon, Leland
Snyder, Howard
Sauerbrey, Paul
Stone, Clyde
Seymore, Doris
Snyder, Leona
Snyder, Harold
Snyder, Edna
Schreidt, Frank
Swisher, Dale
Stortz, Kathryn
Stevens, Robert
Tracy, Rufus
Them, Robert
Trimble, Lois
Taylor, George
Tanner, Marie
Tschantz, Clyde
Teeter, Walter
Theaker, Samuel
Urich, Christina
Vanzile, Edna
VanTilburg, Martha
Warrack, Arthur
Wert, Heta
Walters, Edna
Wendland, Marie
Watson, Gordon
Workman, Joe
Wright, Evelena
Wagerbals, Jacob
Warner, Barton
Wilkinson, Burgess
Weichert, Ward
Wirth, Phyllis
Wolf, Hermann
Wendland, Louis
Weltz, Leroy
Wolfarth, Clarence
Young, Alverda
Zediker, Helen

A War Picture

Not far from Liege in Western Belgium, lay a tiny village. From a distance could be seen the white church tower and the thatched roofed cottages. The road leading through the town was of cobblestone with the doors of the cottages opening to it. Little two-wheeled carts drawn by dogs and donkeys rumbled by from early morning until early evening. A few old men would hobble along tapping their canes on the stones while barefooted children played on the doorsteps. Here the people lived contented and quiet in their own little village never troubling themselves about any other's affairs or the happenings of the outside world.

Surrounding this village were scattered cottages, a few acres of land belonging to each. In one of these cottages lived a happy family of four. The father was a tall, fine-looking, middle-aged Belgian. The mother was small and dark. She seemed to be more French than Belgian. Then there was the eighteen-year-old son Henri and the youngest girl, Ilse.

Ilse was twelve and very attractive. She had dark gypsy-like features with black curly hair falling to her shoulders. She wore a short full skirt with a black velvet, laced bodice and wooden shoes, although she mostly went barefooted. Ilse was the life of the village and a pet of all who knew her. Ben, their St. Bernard dog, was one of her pets which consisted in birds, rabbits and kittens.

In the morning Henri would drive the two wheeled cart to the village with the two shining milk buckets. These were drawn by Ben -- Ilse loved to accompany them. She knew every customer and chatted with each.

Then the invaders came and Ilse's father and brother left with the other able men of the village to drive them out and defend their border. What sorrow and excitement this brought to the quiet village! What right had those people to plunder their villages, tramp across their country and disturb their peaceful lives? They hadn't done anything to them. In fact they hadn't even paid any attention to them. But these questions were unanswerable. The only thing to do was to send their sons and fathers to drive them out and this they gladly did.

It was Spring and the crops had to be sowed, the fields plowed, and gardens started so that they would not starve. This the men left behind them to be done, but the women gladly took it up and consequently worked there almost constantly.

All this time Ilse and her mother lived lonely and sad in their little cottage. All day long her mother worked in the fields while Ilse took the household duties. In the evening they would sit together and Ilse would labor to learn to knit on a footstool at her mother's feet. Then they would dream of peace with father and brother back and their life as quiet and peaceful as before. The perfect stitches in the socks for Henri which Ilse knitted were made when she thought of his comfort, and the hardships of tramping and standing in trenches. The uneven ones were made when she thought of the cruelty of the invaders to call her brother away. On such occasions, great tears dropped on the work in her fingers

One pretty day Ilse prepared the lunch, picked up her knitting and sat down on the doorstep to wait for her mother's return from the fields. Suddenly she heard shouting and crying coming from the direction of the village. She ran to the center

of the road and shading her eyes looked down over the hill. There she saw a mob of women and children appraoching. What did it mean? Then she saw the sunlight flash on the steel helmets of the German and knew then they were being driven out.

Ilse's first thought was of her mother—she had not yet returned and where might she be. After running around the house several times calling across the fields Ilse ran out of the front gate and met the first of the mob. It was one of their milk customers with her aged father. Ilse offered the old man her arm and hurried on with them not knowing what else to do. Then she thought again of her mother, probably with the mob. She left the old man again with his daughter and started back along side the road to search for her. She hadn't gone but ten feet when suddenly she ran into a monstrous German soldier.

"Move on," he ordered telling her she must keep on as quickly as she could with the others. Ilse's little temper flared, she drew herself up her black eyes flashing as she tossed her hair from her face. What right had he to order her like that. Anyway she wasn't afraid of them if Henri wasn't and he wasn't for sure. So she determined to pass him. This she told him and the pretty picture she made induced him to drop the arm that barred the way and let her through. But he immediately raised it again as he remembered his orders and she must go on. Ilse was about to force her way when she heard her mother's voice calling, "Ilse, Ilse, come to me! I'm right here."

Ilse flew into her mother's arms, and arm in arm they hurried on over the hot, dusty roads. They had not gone but a few miles when they could hear the roar and explosion from the direction of the village and they knew their little homes were being demolished.

At evening they came to a woods and here they remained until morning while the soldiers marched on. On the horizon could be seen the red glare from the fire. How they cried and prayed all night huddled there together in the woods. Before dawn they started back for the village.

They found dawn sending its first streaks of light across the ruins which now lay peaceful and quiet.

Ilse and her mother found their cottage a heap of ruins all but the doorstep. On this lay Ben, his head pillowed on Henri's socks.

EMILY NOLAN.

Honor Roll

The following is the list of M. H. S. boys who are in the service of the United States. The date above their names indicates the year in which they graduated or were to graduate.

The Staff regrets that this list is necessarily incomplete.

1908

George C. Balliett
Earl Frankenberger
Earl L. Terman

1909

Frank Case
Howard Harding
Walter Oswalt
Frank Painter
Coleman Todd
Carl Henry

1910

Roy C. Gardner
Joseph Hilton
Inez McKee
Dio Shaw

1911

Robert Bushnell
Cloyd Helter
George Leonard
Howard Sword
Russell Upson

1912

William A. Bowers (France)
Bruce Cunningham Co. M
Clayton Remy
Harold Umbarger
Chester Finley
Charles Kirkwood
Herman Wolf Co. M.
Robert Keffer
Harley Koons

1913

Norman Bureson
Clarence Fike
Walter Holdstein
Arno Kallmerten (France)
Reed McBride
Wickham Old (Naval)
Clarence Platt
Ayden B. Remy
Henry Sanford
Edwin Stander
Walter Rusk
Harold Steele
Robert Sturges
Menan Weil
Robert Wilson
Karl Mengert
Glen Camber
Albert Sdhmutzler
Paul Webber
Wade Laser
Worth Bailey
Einer Bergstrom
John Black (France).

1914

Louis Brumfield (France)
Lloyd Burneson

Martin Bushnell Co. M.
Nile Charles
Vaughn Dean
Harry Denzer (Dental)
Marion Douglass
Leo Fox
Robert Hale
William Marquis
Richard Maxwell
Don Osbun
Gordon Patterson
Percy Pecht
Robert Nichols
Russell Nichols
Edward Longbridge
Dean Lenthner
Louis Hurxthal (France)
Floyd Dent
Morris DeWitt
Meade Spencer (France)
Ned Willis
Howard Hart
Dick Carroll (Naval)

1915

George Dodge
Cornelius Durbin (France)
Elmore Lindsey
Lambert McQuestion
Harold Painter
Harry Sunkel
Earl Bates
Robert Palmer
Clay Lutz
Royal Martin (Naval)
Arthur McBride
Lisle Willis

1916

Fred Baer
John Culleton
Earl Remy
William Stomps
Laurence Price

1917

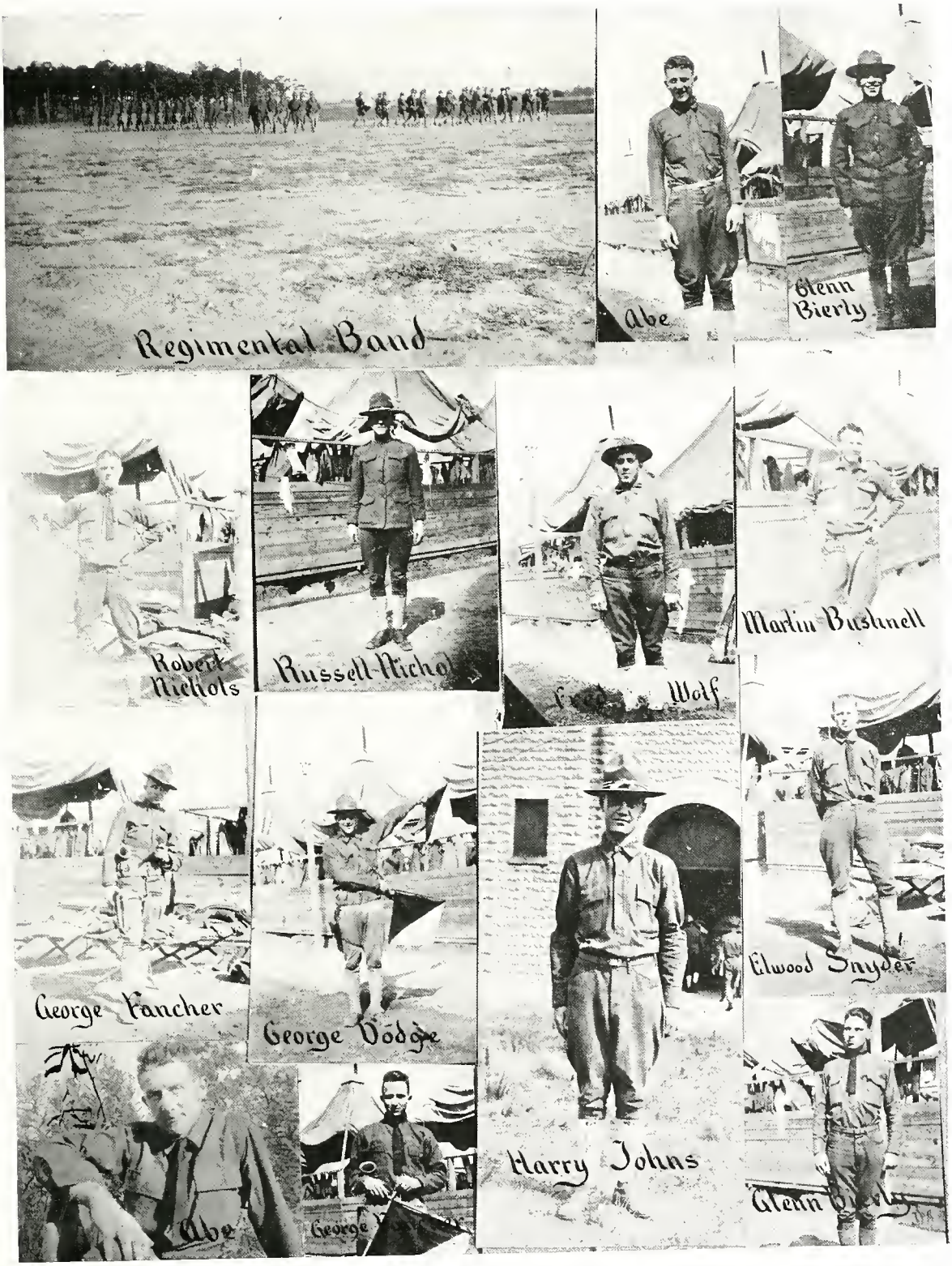
Arba Hawk (France)
Glenn Byerly
Harry Pollock Co. M

1918

Harry Johns Co. M.
Milo Thrush
George Fancher Co. M.
Russell Moore

We were unable to locate the classes of the following soldier boys.

Dale Jessop
Earl Massa (France)
Leonard Coulter
Charles Williams (France)
Alan Tappan.


Regimental Band
Abe
Glenn Bierly
Robert Nichols
Russell Nicho
Wolf
Martin Bushnell
George Fancher
George Dodge
Harry Johns
Elwood Snyder
Abe
Glenn Bierly

MISS BRIGHT.

Miss Bright has had charge of the Art department of our schools during the past year and has also organized a drawing class in the High School. The editors of this year-book wish to say that they are greatly indebted to Miss Bright for much valuable work and criticism.

THE JUNIOR MASQUERADE DANCE.

The first social affair of the High School was a jolly Hallowe'en masquerade given by the Juniors on October 25. Dancing was the chief means of entertainment, while, during the intermission, fortune-telling and a "Chamber of Horrors," which was much frequented by the ladies, furnished amusement. Decorations and refreshments were in keeping with the season.

THE SENIOR MASQUERADE DANCE.

The Senior class held a very delightful masquerade dance at Schuler's academy October 26. The spirit of the time was carried out in the patriotic music and among the masked dancers many of our Allies were represented. For the sake of conservation of food no refreshments were served.

THE M. H. S. DANCE.

Undoubtedly the greatest social success M. H. S. has ever scored was attained at the High School Dance held December 16, at the Masonic Temple. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Wagner, Mr. Ward and Mr. Patton—the Faculty committee who shouldered the responsibilities.

The hall was filled to overflowing with more than two hundred young people and there was not a dull moment the entire evening. The good times started with the grand march, led by representatives from each class, and lasted until the home waltz which every one greeted with dismay. There was hardly a dance that did not contain some "stunt;" among these were the balloon dance, the snow ball fight, the serpentine waltz and an old fashioned Virginia Reel. Those who could not dance when they came went home happy in the knowledge that they could at least two-step and waltz. The proceeds of this party were given to the Athletic Association.

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR DANCE.

Although the weather was inclement and the finances were low, all those who attended the Senior-Junior dance at Schuler's Academy on the evening of Feb. 8, had an extremely good time.

A comparatively small percentage of each class was there and after the Grand March the formal dance was changed to an informal party. A program of twenty dances, a good orchestra and an uncrowded floor made the event a great social success.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The Junior-Senior reception, always one of the most delightful affairs of the school year, was held at the High School building, April 6. The first part of the evening was spent in the auditorium where a very clever playlet "The Fortune Hunter" was staged, assisted by the M. H. S. orchestra. After the play, a grand march brought the young people to the second floor which had been transformed, with spring blossoms and wicker furniture, into a scene typical of a beautiful garden. Here dainty programs for the progressive conversation were given out. Some of the subjects were quite ludicrous and proved a merry diversion making the hour one of charming informality.

JUNIOR CAST.

Nathanial Duncan ..... Ernest Schuler
Henry Kellogg ..... Raymond Kline
George Burnham ..... Ralph Baer
"Jim" Long ..... Lloyd Hoffman
Larry Miller ..... Harold McVicar
Willie Bartlett ..... Harold Donley
Robbins ..... Efflo Eggert
Sam Graham ..... Wilbur Wierman
Mr. Lockwood ..... Efflo Eggert

Tracy Tanner	Edson Oswalt
Pete Willing	Jack Crouse
Mr. Sperry	Harold Donley
"Watty"	Howard Herr
"Hi"	Howard Beck
Roland Barnett	Harold McVicar
Herman	Tom Hughes
Betty Graham	Pauline Kleinfelter
Josephine Lockwood	Dorothy Kramer
Angie	Mercile Miller

SENIOR CLASS DAY

At the time the Annual went to press plans were being made for a Senior Class Day. This will be the first affair of it's kind that has ever been attempted at M. H .S., and as a very competent committee are in charge the program of speeches and songs and a short play promises to be quite a success. Mr. Davis, our former principal, is to speak on this occasion.

M. H. S. Rah! Rah!
M. H. S. Rah! Rah!
Boom chicka boom!
Boom chicka boom!
Boom chicka ricka chicka!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Mansfield High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Coaches

H. P. PATTON

Mr. Patton came to us in the autumn of 1914. As a good-natured fellow and a hard worker, he soon won the friendship of all the teams and the respect of the whole school. To him we owe the desire for clean sportsmanship which he instilled into the High School.

Mr. Patton left us for an Eastern school in February, 1918. With him go our best wishes for success, for he has won a warm spot in the hearts of all loyal M. H. S. students.

F. M. FOSTER.

With the coming of Mr. Foster to take charge of our Athletics our prospects in this school activity were by no means diminished. Mr. Foster comes from Ohio Wesleyan University and from University of Illinois School for Ahtletic Coaches with his coaching ability already recognized.

Our best wishes for a big Success and our hats off—to Coach Foster.

Standing—Howard Herr, Robert Padgett, Robert Campbell, Paul Watts, George Bricker.
Sitting—Paul Angle, Karl Schafer, Paul Sotherland, Frank Lee, Herman Brunk, Frank Imhoff, Harold Snyder

Foot Ball

Considered from the view of games won, our football season was rather disastrous. Owing to difficulties encountered with raw, inexperienced players and numerous injuries, Mis (s) Fortune was our lot. However, our bad luck was not due to low aim. But it may also be considered a "Success" in that it gave the players a higher conception of clean sport and that they won the respect of their opponents by their determination to "fight to the last ditch."

THE WEARERS OF THE M.

Angle, Capt.	Sotherland	Watts	Herr
Brunk	Carmine	Snyder	Campbell
Bricker	Padgett	Pealer	Imhoff
Lee	Schafer	Callahan	

THE PLAYERS

CAPT. ANGLE '18.

"Heavy" has played a fine game at tackle. Time after time he would smash through the line and down a player in his tracks. He was just as strong on offense. "Heavy" will surely be missed next year.

HERMAN BRUNK '18

"Brunkie" played on the line and with his size was able to hold most everything that came his way. We are sorry he has played his last game for Mansfield High.

GEORGE BRICKER '18

This was George's first year on the team and he certainly made a name for himself. He could always be depended upon for loyal support.

FRANK LEE '18.

Frank was a hard player and always in the thick of the fight. Although slightly handicapped with his sight he sure made up for it with nerve.

PAUL SOTHERLAND '19

"Cy" played center this year and filled that position very satisfactorily. A very plucky and gritty player and always in the game. He will be at it again next year.

IVAN CARMINE '20.

Ivan was one of the heaviest fellows on the team and could always be depended upon for his share.

ROBERT CAMPBELL '18

"Bunny" is one of our heaviest men. Good at "tossing the pill" and "punting."

FRANK IMHOFF '18.

"Immy" was one of our fastest players and was a dangerous man in an "open field." He is a sure tackler and good on receiving forward passes.

ROBERT PADGETT '21.

"Bob" is only a Freshman but he certainly did his part. With three more years of playing he should prove a star.

KARL SCHAFER '18.

"Germany" was one of our best line men. Although it was his first year he made a fine record.

PAUL WATTS '20.

"Wappy" has played for two years. He filled his position at end and liked to catch forward passes. We are glad he still has two more years.

HAROLD SNYDER '21.

"Ikey" is only a Freshman but has proved a very valuable player. He has three more years to play and we should hear big things of "Ikey."

ARTHUR PEALER '18.

This was "Art's" second year on the team. He could always be depended on for a couple yards on a line buck, and was famous for his "passes" and "punts."

ARTHUR CALLAHAN '18.

"Callie" was one of the smallest players on the team but was there with the goods just the same.

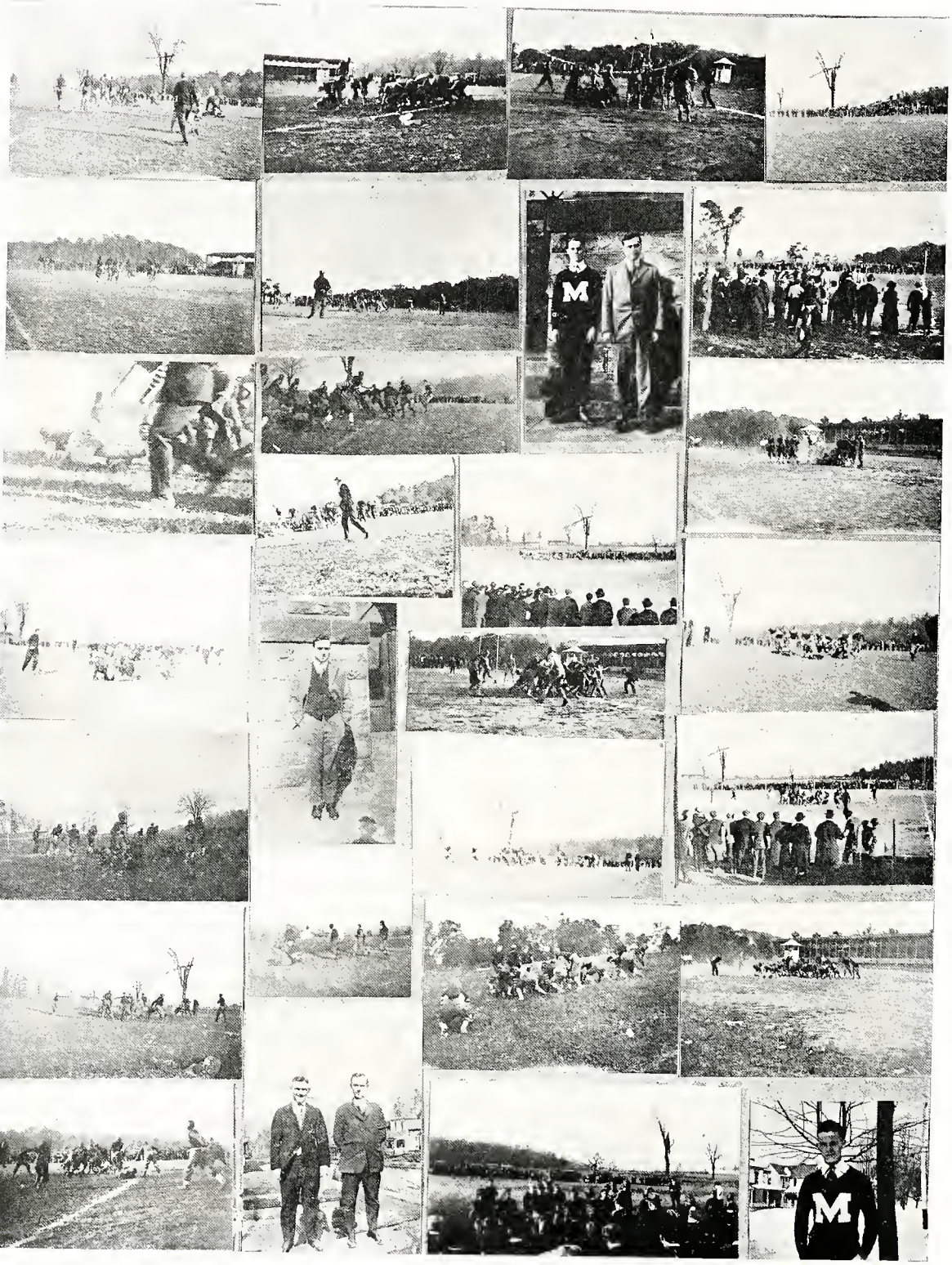
HOWARD HERR '19.

"She" has played for two years and is a very nervy player—in the game at all times.

RECORD OF GAMES.

M. H. S. 13	Delaware	14
*M. H. S. 0	Mt. Vernon	13
M. H. S. 0	Fostoria	76
M. H. S. 6	Ashland	7
M. H. S. 9	Marion	9
*M. H. S. 0	Wooster	7
M. H. S. 7	Akron South	28
M. H. S. 7	Alumni	26

*Not played at Mansfield.



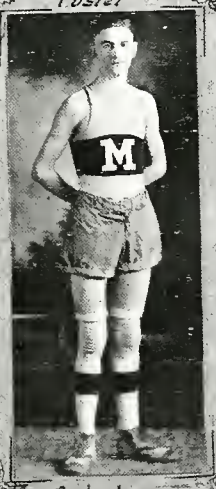
Schafer

Sotherland

Snyder

Foster

Coss



Schuler

Nail

SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM.

Top Row	Hale Redrup, Mr. Foster, Robert Campbell.
Middle Row	Harvey Bushnell, Earl Davis.
Bottom Row	Warren Rusk, Victor Leach, Ephraim Brown.

Basket Ball 1917-18

This was a very successful season. Although the players were rather young and inexperienced they made a very fine showing, winning all their games but four.

Practice was started soon after the closing of foot ball season. Owing to the fact that they were unable to practice every afternoon after school it was necessary for them to practice before school a couple mornings each week.

WEARERS OF THE M.

Coss	Sotherland
Snyder	Schafer
Nail	Schuler

THE PLAYERS

PAUL SOTHERLAND '19

"Cy" was captain of the team this year and also played guard and certainly played it in every sense of the word. There were few games but what "Cy" donated three or four baskets.

JOHN COSS '20.

"Cossy" played center this year and filled that position with the greatest ability. He excelled in shooting baskets especially long ones and seldom missed a short one. We are very glad Coss will be with us two years yet.

HAROLD SNYDER '21.

This was "Ike's" first year with the basket-ball team and he sure has done his share in making the team a success. He is strong on defense, and possesses a great deal of nerve.

CHARLES NAIL '20.

"Spike" was a hard player and always did the work toward making the game a victory for M. H. S. He is a good floor man and strong on defense.

KARL SCHAFER '18.

This was "Germany's" first year in basket ball and he has made a fine showing——playing like a veteran, and worthy of much credit. He played guard and always gave several baskets to our victory.

ERNEST SCHULER '19.

Although Schuler wasn't present in all the games he was able to show us what he really could do and deserves all the credit that can be given him.

RECORD OF GAMES.

M. H. S. 39	Alumni	44
M. H. S. 32	Ashland	7
M. H. S. 39	Fostoria	36
*M. H. S. 35	Wooster	40
M. H. S. 84	Shelby	11
M. H. S. 26	Tiffin	23
M. H. S. 40	Wooster	28
*M. H. S. 24	Fostoria	31
–M. H. S. 20	Alliance	31
–M. H. S. 38	Ottawa	10
*M. H. S. 42	Galion	21
M. H. S. 37	Galion	19
*M. H. S. 22	Ashland	16
M. H. S. 39	May Flower Ch.	12

*Not played at Mansfield.
–At Delaware.

Musical Notes

The number of musical organizations was diminished this year but the former standard was maintained. The lengthening of the periods, in order to make up lost time, resulted in taking away the usual twenty-minute report period. As the four classes of H. S. students were accustomed to take their musical instructions at this time, chorus singing was discontinued about the middle of the year.

The orchestra, although we did not hear it often, yet made us wish for more. Under the direction of Mr. Parry good material was developed and our High School may well be proud of this organization. As the full orchestra is not in the picture the members are here given. Frank Lee, Cecil Banks, Donovan Murray, Charles Sword, Herbert Schettler, Lewis Cashell, Robert Ackerman, Merle Hammett, Edward Gibson, Paul Randall, Raymond Kline, Wilbur Wierman, Harold McVicar, Lowell Beard, Arden Branson, Russell Ackerman, Katherine Thomas, AnnaMayer, Lydia Aughey, Ruth Duffey, Chester Cole, Joe Workman and Walter Teeters.

Eight High School students, Cecil Banks, Raymond Kline, Cecil Graham, Wilbur Wierman, Merle Hammett, Harold McVicar, Paul Randall and Walter Teeters this year composed the band. Although not much time was taken for practicing yet they rendered appreciable service on various occasions, especially in the M. H. S. parade, April 18.

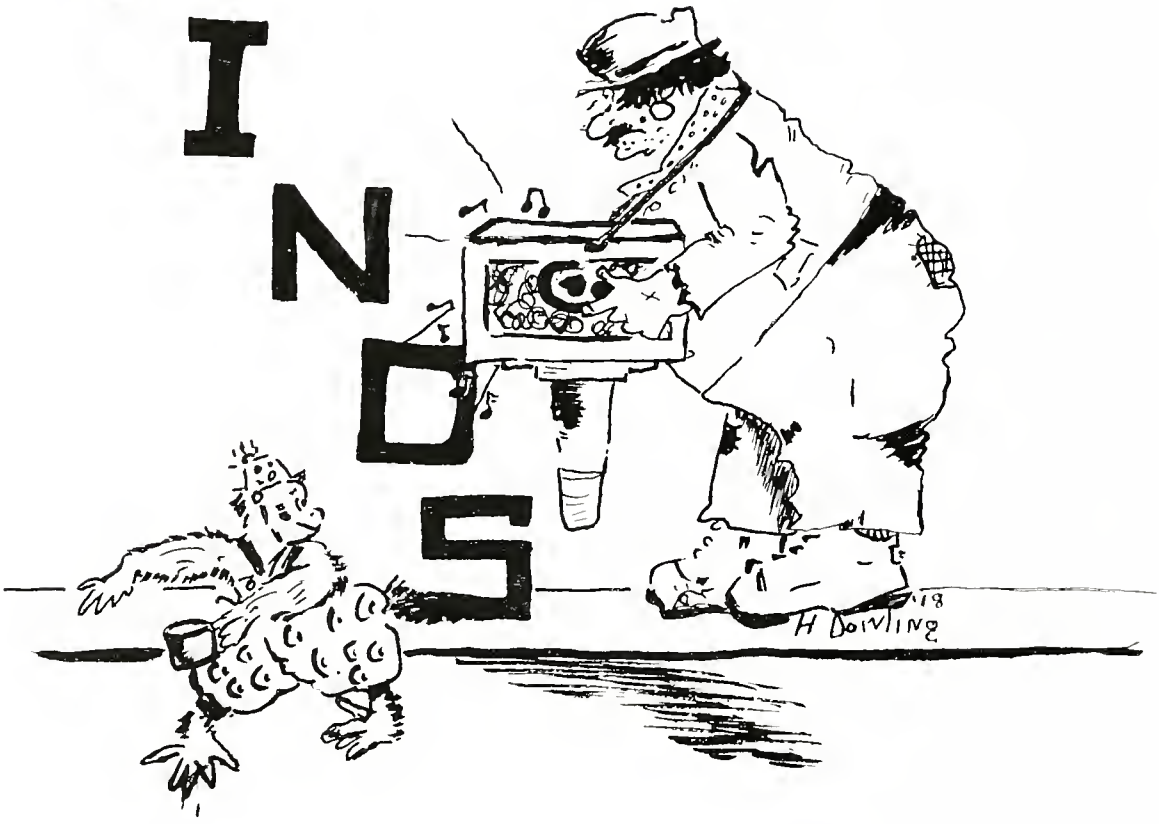
Miss Pauline Scott '18 served as pianist in Chapel and other general auditorium assemblies. She ably filled her position and much credit is due her.

MR. PARRY

Mr. Parry, who was in charge of the Music this year, has studied at Tonic Sol-ffa College, London, England and at the Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio. He is also a graduate of National Summer School, Chicago, Ill.

Standing—Herbert Schettler, Cecil Banks, Frank Lee, Wilbur Wierman, Charles Sword, and Lewis Cashell.
Sitting—Robert Ackerman, Arden Branson, Anna Mayer, Lydia Aughey, Katherine Thomas, Edward Gibson and Paul Randall.

GRINDS



A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men (and women).

SO GRIN.

A word before you read these jokes,
  Some cracked at your own expense.
Don't be offended at innocent pokes,
  But use your common sense.
Don't try to hide in dignity's skirts
  And growl or pull a long face,
Remember 'tis often the truth that hurts,
And probably does in your case.
And if you're skinny, your bones stick out,
  Lady Macbeth you closely resemble,
All patented Anti-Thins to grow stout
  You've taken in vain; don't tremble
And think with fear that your death is near,
  But read these grinds all pat,
For there's an old proverb will bring you cheer,
  'Tis laugh and grow fat.

Fat Miller: "Did I leave my belt around the house?"
We wonder.

(Published at the request of Howard Marquis.)

When first he went to see her
  He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
  They sat this far apart.

But as their love grew fonder
  They learned to hug and kiss
They knocked out all the spaces,
  Andsatupclosel ikethis.

Miss Blackford's weekly schedule in American History:

Restless—Monday.
Thoughtless—Tuesday.
Workless—Wednesday.
Brainless—Thursday
Speechless—Friday.

Extracts from the Sophomore Magazines

EDITORIALS.

Miss Madge Cotton was converted into a suffragette at the last meeting and is now trying to convert the other teachers. Mr. Ward is her assistant. They held their first meeting in the auditorium, Thursday afternoon having Miss Moore and Miss Leonard present.

Mr. Beer has calmly announced his intentions of taking a course in the ministry after finishing this year. It is said that his wife is the cause.

Mr. Parry announced recently the coming of a large musical comedy, "The Captain of Plymouth." It is rumored that Hale Sturges is to take the part of Miles Standish and Marian Burns that of Priscilla. Don't get discouraged though—you still have a chance.

Mr. Ben Chase one of the best known students of Mansfield High School, had a narrow escape at Black's Drug Store recently, when he almost fell through a straw while partaking of an ice cream soda.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Teacher (to Paul Watts first day in History): What's your name'?"

Paul: "Yes."

Teacher: "I asked 'What's your name?"

Paul: "Yes—yes—Watts is my name."

QUESTION BOX.

Dear Editor: Why is water wet? We have had quite a dispute about it and would like your opinion.

Answer: Water is wet for the same reason that ice is cold. We hope this will settle your dispute.

Dear Editor: How long do fat men for example Fatty Arbuckle usually live?

Answer: Fatty Arbuckle will be as old as Methusalah if he lives long enough.

Dear Editor: I hear they are going to take off all the trains but the mail trains. In that case when one comes, instead of saying, 'here she comes,' would one say, 'here he comes?' Harvey Bushnell.

Answer: Kindly send addressed envelope for reply.

Dear Editor: Will chewing gum hurt me? Harland Kochheiser.

Answer: No, Harland, gum is only bad for the brain.

Dear Editor: I have a lot of trouble with the powder on my face, getting on my coat collar which is black. What shall I do?

Answer: Use black powder. Then it won't show.

Extracts from the Sophomore Magazines

Miss Cotton: "What's burning?"

G. McCready: "Miss Aberle's roasting her History class."

Mr. Zerby to Muriel Aberle: "What do you want that headless angel in your room for?" (speaking of the Winged Victory).

Love is like chemistry. Why? The lower the gas, the greater the pressure.

Carl Seitz: "Do you want some candy, Helen?"

Helen Heath—"Yes."

Carl: "So do I."

Now I lay me down to rest,
To work hard, I've done my best:
If I should die before I wake,
I'll have no more exams. to take.

Teacher: "What were the Knights of the Bath?"

Pupil: "Saturdays."

Miss Cotton (in lesson on contrast): "What is the difference between Alfred Tappan and Edward Dann?"

Kenneth Bell (innocently): "The shape."

Miss Aberle (to Ancient History class): "Were women allowed to go to the theater in Athens?"

Answer: "No."

Paul Watts: "Me for Athens."

Miss Padgett in study hall (two boys having gone out of the room with Miss Souder): "Now there is nothing to be excited about. Miss Souder is just going to move the Declaration of Independence."

Miss Blackford in English class: "Keep your eyes inside the room, not out in the hall."

ADVERTISEMENTS

THOMAS A. EDISON'S

GREATEST INVENTION.

A Literal Translation

of

Caesar's Gallic War

Loose Leaf Edition

Printed on paper which makes it invisible to all except the owner—Simply insert the required page in text book before going to class.

It means relief to thousands of struggling students.

LATEST SONG

It Cannot Be—Sung by Ephriam Brown when he gets his grade card.

Extracts from the Sophomore Magazines

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANT COLUMN.

A wife for Edward Dann to stop his talking in the report room. —Ward.

Bertha Houston to attend school at least twice a week.—Miss Cotton.

15c. for a hair cut.—Carl Seitz.

Some cement to mend broken hearts.—Bertha Brunk.

The person who stole my curls to return them.—Miss Terman.

Some one to laugh at my jokes.—Gaylord Herring.

Some one who can clean up Crums.—Little Eva.

A good chance to elope with Ralph Durbin.—Mildred Clinton.

A phonograph which will answer questions for a worn out teacher. Please notify Miss Cotton, Room H.

FOR SALE.

Metz runabout—good dog killer —Apply Seitz.

House with light housekeeping. —Harry Marlow.

Ford parts—just run into pole— See Adams.

A popgun and corks. Have gone to war.—Lantz.

LATEST SONG HIT.

Somewhere in Pants
by
Hale Sturges Jr.
Don't fail to get it.

LOST

An umbrella by gentleman with two bent ribs and an ivory handle. Reward. Return to Redrup.

Pair-a-dice. Return to Rev. Hale Sturges and receive reward.

Second-hand Rhetoric. Can be proved by my English teacher never to have been used.!—Ivan Carmine.

My reputation. Finder please notify J. Crum.

Somewhere between sunset and sunrise five hours' sleep. Finder please inform John Coss.

A son—sixteen years old—three feet six inches—last seen wandering in my long pants. H. Sturges, Senior.

FOUND.

A little boy. Answers to the name of "Ivan." Says his papa has gone to Cleveland and he doesn't know the way home. Anyone claiming him call at the Editorial room not later than noon Friday as it costs to feed him.

A last year calendar. Owner can have same by paying for this Ad. Call Mans. Phone 1796.

LATEST BOOKS.

The Empty Chair—Frank Boal's seat.

Five Little Peppers—Paul, Gaylord, Ephriam, Ivan and James.

The Social Whirl—Louise Bissman.

What are those little white papers that we always see flying between Mary Porch and Arthur Pealer?

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE

Miss Reinhart: "Is Harvey Bushnell here?"
Louise Bissman: "I saw his overshoes."

Here's to the faculty
  Long may they live,
Ever as long
  As the lessons they give.

Hannah, dreamily: "Harry said I was the only girl he ever loved."
Peg Cramer: "Doesn't he say it beautifully, dear?"

Miss Bedger in Shorthand: "Volunteers are needed."
Karl Schafer (after no response): "Better start and draft 'em."

Miss Jordan (dictating note-book work): "King required all men to have arms
Harry C: "Naturally."

OUTRAGEOUS.

Mary had some chewing gum,
  She chewed it fast and slow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
  That gum was sure to go.

It went with her to school one day,
  Which was against the rule,
So teacher took the gum away
  And chewed it after school.

Mary Tryon: "Why he yawned three times while I was talking to him."
Dorothy Goetz: "Perhaps he wasn't yawning, maybe he was just trying to say something."

Attention Ernest!
Mildred Charles to Haldon Scott in shorthand: "What's the matter, Haldon?"
H. S., dolefully: "Oh I'm just thinking of my lost youth."

Miss Patterson: "Who was Prometheus?"
H. Haupt: "He was a goddess."

A DIFFERENT KIND OF GRINDS MY BOY.

One of the Freshmen wants to know if the grindboxes are for pencil sharpenings.

Translating Virgil: "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck.—That's as far as I got, teacher."
Teacher: "Well I think that was quite far enough."

Miss Padgett to Paul Sotherland: "Paul you aren't fit to associate with decent people; go right down to Mr. Whitehouse."

Miss Jordan (in History): "I have your test papers and I intend to keep them for myself because I haven't a very large supply of fiction in my library."

Smile awhile
While you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles
And miles of smiles
And life's worth while
If you but smile.

IN PHYSICS CLASS—DISCUSSING MOON.

Peg: "Why does it always seem warmer on a moonlight night?"
Mr. Beer (hesitatingly): "Well-ah-you see that depends entirely upon your surroundings."

Two girls lingering on the stair-way while coming down:—
(Miss Moore in a hurry behind them.)
"Girls can I walk through you?"

Jack Cronse (in M&M History): "He was emperor of the Roly Homan Empire. (Holy Roman Empire).

Miss Cotton's assignment: "Silas Marner is in the office for twenty-five cents."

Cupid
Uncle Jesse
Smile
Happy Hikers
Extremes
Goat Hill Hikers
Three Little Birds Stood on a Rock
Ready for the Start
Glad to See Your Back Again
Shirley
Old Glory
Mrs. Rugg

NEVER MIND.

Leola Stewart (in Virgil): "I don't see why Palinurus had to go to the lower regions. I began to like him."

Miss Bowers (meaning further on in the book): "You will meet him again, Leola."

Miss Patterson, reading: "As she approached her eyes fell on his feet."

Fat man
Banana peel
Man slips
Virginia reel.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT

Mabel: "Well, how are you getting on at school?"
Bus: "Oh all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know."
Mabel: "Well heaven knows, you need one."

Two merry girls
Heads full of curls.
A treat to meet.
Gee! But they're sweet.
Characters fine
For them you pine.
Ask for their hand?—
Boys haven't the sand.
Of them there are two
Now, guess who.

Fleta Dishong in Spanish: "I can't continue with the translation."
Dorothy Nolan (translating for her): "I am moved to pity."

Upper classman to wandering Freshie: "Do you want to find the Principal's office?"
Freshman: "No, I have to."

Warren Magee (putting on her rubbers): "There you are, Miss Todd."
Naomi: "Oh, Warren! When will you stop calling me Miss Todd?"
Warren: "Only when I can call you Mrs. Magee."

"I understand that your son got his B. A. and his M. A."

"Yes, but it is still his P. A. that supports him."

—Ex.

HELPFUL HINTS

Ruth Bissman and Lamont Jeffrey nearly had the measles at the same time.

Women do not make fools of men—they merely assist nature.

Karl Schafer has changed his nickname (Germany) to Ireland.

Bob Bissell always leaves his English book in the room during the fire drill—hoping it will burn up.

The hot air in M. H. S. all seems to go to one room—the office.

The Freshmen like the poor we have always with us.

The only jobs some of the students would accept would be linemen for a wireless telegraph company or coal heavers on a gasoline engine.

Freshman: "How much does it cost to be on the Basketball Team?"

Mr. Whitehouse—entering Senior English class—: "What class is this?"

Bob Bissell: "Primary."

Mr. Whitehouse:" Oh, I see now."

SUITABLE SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS.

Freshmen—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior—As You Like It.
Senior—All's Well That Ends Well.

We heard Miss Moore is some relation to Dinty.

Wonder if she knows Jiggs?

Howard Marquis (translating French): "The guests have arrived and the cook is preparing them now."

WHERE HIS THOUGHTS RUN.

Miss Patterson: "Pippa was a little factory girl who only had one holiday a year. She didn't know what to do with it so she—

Frank Lee: "Why didn't she sleep?"

Miss Padgett to Ernest Schuler: "What is the height of your ambition?"

E. S.:"Don't know exactly, but she comes about to my shoulder."

ADVISORY BOARD.

Authority On	Person
War	Jack Kennedy
Anything	Albert Miles
Profanity	Maurice Rice
Innocence	Russell Hartenfels
Pessimism	Francis Beam
Slams	Miss Padgett
Ladies' Dry Goods	Robert Campbell

The Last of the Mohicans: "Lead the way, my friend; I follow."

Harold D (reading in class): "Lead the way, my dear; I follow." Such is the force of habit.

WANT COLUMN.

WANTED: To know how old Miss Bowers is if she taught Ceasar.

WANTED: A paper-pick-up. Miss Padgett.

WANTED: To know the age of Mr. Foster, and if he is married. Some interested girls.

WANTED: The free mail system abolished in the halls. Mr. Whitehouse.

WANTED: On the farm, a man who speaks French and German, and understands horses and cows. Martha Harbaugh.

WANTED: The Kaiser and the man who invented Physics. M. H. S.

WANTED: A divorce. Josephine Staninger.

WANTED: An elevator in M. H. S.

WANTED: Tickets to Toledo. Two members of the Faculty.

WANTED: Congratulations. Miss Leonard.

WANTED: Harmony. The Quartet.

WANTED: A figure. Harold Miller.

WANTED: Some pep. Eugene Kegg.

WANTED: Edna Yeingst. Wesley Boals.

WANTED: An animal tamer. Pauline Lyons.

WANTED: A Porch. Arthur Pealer.

WANTED: A trip to Cuba. Russell Easterday.

WANTED: That talking stopped now. Miss Padgett.

WANTED: A marriage license. Gayle Swain.

WANTED: A Packard. Tom Ford.

WANTED: The tardy signal put out of commission. Dorothy Nolan.

WANTED: A new High School. Students of M. H. S.

WANTED: Sympathy. The Staff.

WANTED: A brain surgeon. Dorothy Goetz.

WANTED: A Crusoe. Carrie Robinson.

WANTED: Something to beat. Football team.

WANTED: A good strong arm governess for the Freshman. General Public.

WANTED: An appliance for scratching my head (without labor on my part) that will not be ruined by the splinters. Carl Seitz.

WANTED: Formula for making Freshman act like Seniors and Seniors act like they should. Miss Padgett.

WANTED: A cure for the epidemic of teachers straying away from M. H. S. Board of Education.

WANTED: A few good laws restricting Child Labor in all branches of work. M. H. S.

WANTED: A more efficient boy messenger system. By the office girls.

WANTED: By the boys of M. H. S.—jobs that will pay enough in three months to run them nine months, of all going out and nothing coming in.

WANTED: A girl with plenty of cash, who is never desirous of going any place where a price is required and willing to pay her own way when attending other than free performances. Harvey Bushnell.

WANTED: Someone's heart to break. Charles Welch.

WANTED: A man, must be handsome and short (no objection to plump). No other need apply. High School Widow.

WANTED: A love potion that will insure faithfulness. Helen Race.

DIARY FOR 1917-1918.

Sept. 17. Hurrah! School opens today. There was so much green around M. H. S. we thought it must be spring, but looking closer—found it was only Freshies.

Sept. 18. Work starts in earnest—lessons—lessons —and some more lessons!

Sept. 19. Senior meeting in Auditorium. G. A. said the Seniors should set an example in behavior to lower classmen. Immediately two young men climbed over the backs of the seats to sit down.

Sept. 20. Drafted men leave for Chillicothe. School dismissed at 9:15 for the A. M. and all went down to give them a send-off.

Sept. 21. Big Sing in Auditorium to meet Mr. Parry. We showed up at our worst. Bab Bushnell kicked out of Study H for knitting.

Sept. 24. Played a game at Lexington and lost—12::13! Big dog in Study H. Much commotion, but finally order and Wagner reigned supreme.

Sept. 25. Sr. class meeting in Study I. Patton made a good speech. Then Francis Beam conducted the meeting and class officers were nominated.

Sept. 26. Class officers elected. Dwight McCullough, Pres. Herman Brunk, Vice-Pres. Mary Porch—Secretary. Tom O'Donnell, Sergeant-at-arms.

Sept. 27. School opened 8 a. m., and lasted till 12 on account of the fair.

Sept. 28. Mrs. Wagner in good humor today, another 8—12 session.

Oct. 1. Freshies still insist on using the wrong stairs. Peg Cramer received a letter from Arba. Junior class officers elected.

Oct. 2. Three things happened today—morning, noon and night!

Oct. 3. Sr. class meeting. Annual Staff nominated.

Oct. 4. School was dismissed at 9:15 in order that we might see the drafted men leave.

Oct. 5. Staff officers were elected. Harry Chambers very pessimistic about the Annual and predicts dire calamities to befall it.

Oct. 8. Meeting in Study H. Mr. Davis spoke on the subject of a library for the soldiers. Each report room is trying to win a pennant for contributing large amounts toward this fund.

Oct. 9. Fund steadily increasing. Paul Angle resigns Staff position.

Oct. 10. Senior Hallowe'en dance planned at class meeting this morning. Also voted to send M. Harbaugh flowers. Freshie fell downstairs—nothing damaged save his head.

Oct. 11. Juniors also planning a Hallowe'en party, while it is rumored Miss Mary Aberle has a new beau.

Oct. 12. Football game with Shelby called off on account of weather. Mrs. Wagner read a love letter which was dropped in the study room. SOME LETTER! We pity the loser!

Oct. 15. Blue Monday. Everybody looks sleepy. Shelby football game scheduled.

Oct. 16. Mass meeting for girls in Study H. Patton getting up a competition to see how many football tickets can be sold.

Oct. 17. Tests in front of us—tests at the side of us—tests in back of us—volleyed and thundered at us!

Oct. 18. A cat was put in Miss Patterson's top desk drawer today and she didn't even faint when she found it.

Oct. 19. Mass meeting. Mr. Workman delivered an oration.

Oct. 22. "Cy" Sotherland kicked out of study for telling the teacher to "pull in her neck." Later developments showed he was speaking to a Freshie.

Oct. 23. Money collected today for M. H. S.'s Liberty Bond.

Oct. 24. Liberty Day. School dismissed at 2 to celebrate.

Oct. 25. Junior Hallowe'en dance.

Oct. 26. Senior Hallowe'en prom comes off tonight. High school bought a $100 Liberty Bond.

Oct. 29. Miss Padgett is wearing a new collar today.

Oct. 30. Sock day. Rainbow well represented especially by the boys.

Oct. 31. Hallowe'en.

Nov. 1. A petition being signed by the students for a carnival. Here's hoping it goes through.

Nov. 2. M. H. S. Day today. Big doin's on the 1st. floor hall. Some of the boys were so shy they had to be carried up on the platform.

Nov. 5. Wet and dry election—results uncertain. Much excitement!

Nov. 6. Study H scene of much candy eating but they didn't even pass it around.

Nov. 7. Mabel and Helen very much worried as to whether Beer will be on the forbidden list if the state goes dry.

Nov. 8. Fire drill. False alarm?

Nov. 9. Teachers from Columbus visiting. Everybody on best behavior.

Nov. 12. A new fellow from Dayton arrives. Girls all busy digging up his pedigree.

Nov. 13. New fellow still center of attraction to feminine M. H. S. All the girls know his schedule by heart.

Nov. 14. A real flesh and blood Frenchman in Auditorium 3d. period a. m.

Nov. 15. EXTRAORDINARY EVENT!!! Art Pealer walked through the halls with Mary Porch today!

Nov. 16. Senior girls quite excited over Pussycat they heard about yesterday!

Nov. 19. Hark! What is that awful noise? Oh only the FRESHMEN taking their music lesson.

Nov. 20. Mr. Beer seen sporting a new lid today the result of Friday's pink check.

Nov. 21. Orchestra gives young concert to school this morning.

Nov. 22. Side-show entitled "A Sight for the Gods" —in other words Miss Blackford talking to Miss Padgett.

Nov. 23. A bunch of danger signals (red waists) were hanging around school today

Nov. 26. Current events today! In one class three were detected that had come from a paper dated Nov. 10, 1901.

Nov. 27. Katherine Hein came to school excited over a post card she had received from Herbert Hoover. He requested her not to eat so much.

Nov. 28. Musical today by Tom Ford. He wore a new pair of shoes—squeak! squeak! crack! crack! groan!

Nov. 29. THANKSGIVING! I SAY! VACATION!

Dec. 3. Gloom! School again! Profound respects to turkey paid during vacation!

Dec. 4. Thirteen below zero and no coal! Everybody came to school to keep warm.

Dec. 5. Extra! Bob Campbell who lives across the street came to school on time.

Dec. 6. Most popular phrase in M. H. S. "Not prepared."

Dec. 7. Meeting called to discuss M. H. S. dance that comes off next Friday.

Dec. 10. Morning after. NUFF SED!

Dec. 11. Rumors floating around about a coal shortage in High School.

Dec. 12. Only enough coal for the morning session. No more school until January 7. Rah, Rah!

Jan. 7. Harry Johns home on furlough. Hannah happy.

Jan. 8. Five Senior girls were sick this afternoon and enjoyed the "Birth of a Nation" very much.

Jan. 9. Had a meeting about a Jr.-Sr. party.

Jan. 10. President of Wittenberg gave us a talk.

Jan. 11. Friday! Unlucky even though it isn't the thirteenth.

Jan. 14. Why didn't that awful cold come today instead of Saturday? Session 8:30 to 3:15.

Jan. 15. It is reported that Miss Patterson and Miss Blackford have agreed to take their worst classes through the reformatory for educational purposes.

Jan. 16. Grumbles coises, and long faces! Report cards handed out!

Jan. 17. Oh where, oh where has our class music gone? We wonder!

Jan. 18. H. Johns leaves tomorrow.

Jan. 21. Helen Race and Francis have decided to bury the hatchet!

Jan. 22. Miss Patterson has a cold and springs tests on all her classes!

Jan. 23. John Kramer enjoyed a slumber party in English class.

Jan. 24. Staff gets shot. (Pictures taken.)

Jan. 25. Jack Crouse entertains the study room by looking cross-eyed.
Jan. 28. Senior class meeting. Class pins and rings discussed.
Jan. 29. Mr. Ward gets a new hair cut and looks just as sweet.
Jan. 30. Sophs nearly exhausted from an attack of Caesar.
Jan. 31. Miss Bedger and Mr. Carmine leave to teach elsewhere. Great grief.
Feb. 1. Howard Oswalt failed in Physics today. Beer and class astonished.
Feb. 2. Ground hog sees his shadow.
Feb. 4. Maurice Rice is in school today. He can't find any more excuses for staying out.
Feb. 5. Bob Bissell combs his hair a new way.
Feb. 6. Freshie gets rash and floods Study I floor with five cents worth of ink. (And in these conservation times too).
Feb. 7. Red Hale home from Camp Sheridan on furlough.
Feb. 8. Junior-Senior dance at Schuler's. Great time.
Feb. 11. In German Class: Miss Ruess: "What can the girls do to earn money to buy Thrift Stamps?"
Zipp: "Take in washing."
Feb. 12. Lincoln's Birthday. Mass meeting in A. M. Celebration in auditorium. at 8 p. m. Dr. Kellogg speaker of the day.
Feb. 13. Mr. Davis and Mr. Patton handed in their resignations.
Feb. 14. St. Valentine's Day without any valentines.
Feb. 15. Mass meeting in honor of Mr. Patton and Mr. Foster, our new coach. Basket ball game in evening, Mansfield, 40; Wooster 28.
Feb. 18. S. Bein took a long hair off Art Pealers' coat. And it is Monday too.
Feb. 19. Beautiful watch fob presented to Mr. Davis by Faculty. Mr. Patton was presented with a gift by the High School.
Feb. 20. Overheard in German Class:
Shirley: "He threw his head on the back of the chair."
Miss Ruess: "Yes! see it fly."
Feb. 21. Juniors are still busy with their play.
Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. No school.
Feb. 25. Just another Monday.
Feb. 26. Nuthin' doin'.
Feb. 27. Mr. Perry tried out the boys for the comic opera.
Feb. 28. B. B. boys leave for Delaware tournament.
Mar. 1. Mr. Davis' last day here. Everybody hates to see him go. A handsome suitcase was presented to him by the High School.
Mar. 4. Congratulations, Miss Leonard. Who is the lucky man?
Mar. 5. Mass meeting to meet Mr. Whitehouse. Everybody favorably impressed
Mar. 6. Rain!!!
Mar. 7. More Rain!!!
Mar. 8. Still more Rain!!!
Mar. 11. Mass meeting at 8:30. Ambition Boals appointed official dog catcher of the High School.
Mar. 12. Big athletic rally. Mr. Foster made a fine speeeh. So did "Cy."
Mar. 13. B. B. game with Galion. Score 37-19. Sure Mansfield won.
Mar. 14. Junior class meeting. Discussed Junior Reception.

Mar. 15. Surprise party on Ashland team given by M. H. S. team. The visitors were entertained with plenty of rough house. Score: 22 to 16 Mansfield of course.

Mar. 18. First rehearsal of Comic Opera at 7:30 A. M.

Mar. 19. It is reported that Marjorie Karns and Earnest Wheaton have the measles. We wonder how they both caught it.

Mar. 20. Mr. J. Puffer gave a talk in the Auditorium.

Mar. 21. No school this P. M. on account of teachers' institute.

Mar. 22. Spring bonnets here, spring bonnets there, spring bonnets everywhere.

Mar. 25. Miss Padgett forgot to say "Pick up papers, please."

Mar. 26. Some more 'o' them there Junior meetings.

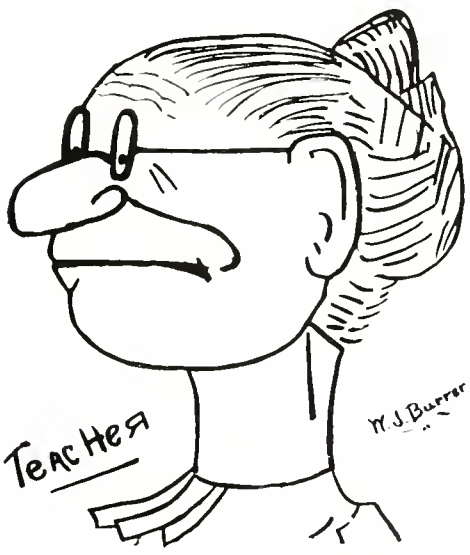
Mar. 27. Groans and Howls! Grade cards.

Mar. 28. It is rumored that Cy Sotheriand had a serious fall—that is—he fell in love with a little Freshman.

Mar. 29. One session beginning at 8 A. M.

Apr. 1. April Fool!!!

EDUCATION



If you consider these jokes rubbish
You should see what we don't publish.

Some girls are so prudish that they act as if it were terribly improper to die and go to heaven without a chaperone.

HELP!

Am she went
Or are she gone?
Did her leave I all alone?
Us can never go to she
Her can always come to we
It cannot was!
Oh, cruel fate,
You is unkind
To take she first
And leave I behind.

Mrs. Wagner to Senior boy who "stagged" it to the M. H. S. dance: "Did you hear the disturbance last night?"

Senior: "No, what was it?"

Mrs. Wagner: "Why the people heard an awful noise and when they looked out of their windows they saw a lot of lemons rolling home alone."

One of the teachers said that it was a common characteristic among men of extraordinary artisite sence to be irresponsible and not punctual in their habits.

Harry Chambers came late to class next day.

DON'T BELIEVE IT

Miss Ruess (first day of school telling numbers of rooms)

Voice: "What's Miss Leonard's?"

Miss Ruess: "She's eighteen."

Charles Sword: "She's more than that."

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN GERMANY?

Miss Jordan in M&M History: "The quiz will start in England and end in France."

ON AN EDITOR.

"Here lies an Editor!
Name her, if you will;
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let her lie still!
She lied for her living; so
She lived while she lied:
When she could not lie longer
She lied down and died."

(Not original but what some people think.)

They give us A's we feel real glad;
We get our B's we feel the same;
We may get C if's not so bad;
Even at D we can't complain—
But when we must to dear old Dad
Take home a card with F's so plain,
And see in his eye the look so sad —
It's then we wish we'd used our brain
On school work rather thru love note pad
That takes much time and mental strain.

Mr. Beer: "Linnie show the class Ampere's right hand rule."
Linnie Mc.: "I don't know how to hold my hand."
Mr. Beer: "Let one of the boys show you."

HIGH SCHOOL.

First year—Emerald.
Second year—Soapstone.
Third year—Grindstone.
Fourth year—Tombstone.

OUCH!

Bob Bissell writing up game: "A large and intelligent crowd was present."
Fat Miller—looking on: "Whattaya mean,large and intelligent?"
Bob: "Well you and I were there. You are large. I am intelligent."

Home is naught without a mother
Church is dull without a preacher
Life is sad without a lover
Class is joy without a teacher.

Miss Patterson: "What do you mean by swearing before me?"
Bob Bissell: "Sorry, sure, but how could I know you wanted to swear first?"

Paul looked at Etta,
Etta looked at Paul,
Then Mrs. Wagner looked,
And—that's all.

Henry Haupt (speaking of West Point) "You have to be smart to go there."
John Kramer: "You'll never get there."

MOVIES

Dawn of Tomorrow	Class of 1919
Paradise Garden	M. H. S.
The Case of Becky	Mable Beer
Babbling Tongues	Girls of M. H. S.
The Price of Silence	Frieda Schettler
The Judgment House	The Office
Down to Earth	"Bob" Campbell
The Moth	Helen Dowling
Roping Her Romeo	Pauline Scott
Indiscreet Corinne	"Cheen" Coblentz
The Habit of Happiness	"Lucy" Webber
His Mother's Boy	Lewis Cashell
Bab's Matinee Idol	Lamont Jeffery
In Again, Out Again	Class '18
Love Letters	Marjorie Karns
The Devil Dodger	Tom Ford

A few things seen around M. H. S.
A Cook who takes care of Rice.
A Wolf, a Baer, a Fox and a Camel (Campbell)
The executive mansion—Mr. Whitehouse.
The tin lizzie—Miss Black Ford.

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
As on his bed shone morning's light,
I wish, the school burned down last night."

CLASSIC—THIS IS.

H. Marquis translating: "My Bertha has been swiped."

Miss Aberle in the report room: "Bring all your rubbers for the Red Cross."
Margaret Downs to Frank Lee: "Bring your neck, Frank."

Zipp (reading from newspaper): "The coal shortage may cause the Mansfield Light and Power Co. to shut down before Saturday."
"Oh boy! Katie, I want a date with you every night next week."

For Rent: Furnished room, northeast corner of No. 11 Shoe; all modern accommodations. Inquire Bob. Campbell. Prop.

Heard in a Caesar Class: Caesar ordered suitable weather.

Mr. Beer: "What is a good example of motion?"
Bright Senior: "The Movies."

Miss Bowers in Physiology: "Tomorrow we will have measles and chicken pox."

THE SAMMIES.

When the air is full of shrapnel
And the bullets buzz around,
That's when Uncle Sammie's boys
Will hold and stand their ground.

We are after every dollar.
Of course we'll not deny it;
Who wouldn't pick a dollar up,
If he should chance to spy it?

Now about old Kaiser Bill;
He's noted for his terror;
But we are sure to beat him yet,
Or we have made an error.

We're fighting for Democracy;
We'll stick thru thick and thin;
And if God lets us have our way,
THE KAISER SHALL NOT WIN!

Mr. Rice to Peg Cramer—"Good morning, Tuesday."
Peg: "Why Tuesday?"
Rice: "Cause you're meatless."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Whitehouse without his notes.
Dorothy Nolan—on time.
Ernest Schuler—Plowing corn.
John Coss—in knee pants.
Miss Patterson saying "You bet."
Mrs. Wagner giggling.
Russell Hartenfels quiet.
Peg Cramer not mentioning Abe for a day.
Ruth Helter—alone.
Fat Miller in a Gym. suit.
Karl Wolfarth's feet in Ed Nixon's shoes.
Mary Bush kicked out for talking.
Mabel Beer with a grouch.
Mansfield having a new High School.
A really timid Sophomore.
Mr. Ward married.
Maurice Rice's hair curly.
Mansfield High School without an Annual.

After solving an equation in algebra the teacher said: "And now we find that x equals zero."

Freshman: "Oh, dear, all that work for nothing."

FAMILIAR.

"I didn't quite understand what that meant."
"I thought we only took to three."
"I forgot to take my book home."
"I didn't get down that far."
"I left my book at home."
"That page is torn out of my book."
"I wasn't here yesterday."

Frank Imhoff—translating Spanish—"Her obscure eyes shone brilliantly."

IT'S FINE!

It's fine to be a Freshman,
And in Algebra look brave;
To throw some chalk in study one,
And hear Miss Padgett rave.

It's fine to be a Sophomore,
Take math' and all that junk;
To get canned out of Caesar class,
And feed the Freshies bunk.

It's fine to be a Junior,
And pass out sage advice,
To come up to the spring exams,
And find you're on thin ice.

It's best to be a Senior,
And walk with stately tread;
To think that everything worth while,
Is canned up in your head.

It's fine to grind out all this stuff,
And sit up late at night;
To scratch your head and think of bed,
And write and write and write.

A SENIOR.

Miss Leonard in Junior English: "This poem is entitled 'The Present Crisis.' He wrote it in the year of his marriage."

IN SENIOR ENGLISH.

Miss Patterson talking about the war and the Germans being a war-like nation.

Maurice Rice: "You can't deny that Germany is a warlike nation, even the German babies are in arms."

REPARTEE

Miss Aberle: "How many have read 'Lovey Mary?'"

(Frank Lee pricks up his ears.)

Miss Aberle: "Frank seems awfully interested in the name "Mary"."

Frank: "Sure, Mary Aberle."

Miss Aberle: "Not so far off."

Frank: "Yes, quite different."

LATEST SONGS

Oh Donley! Oh Donley! Oh!	Ruth Helter
Over There	Peg Cramer
You're In Love	Helen Beer
Smile And Show Your Dimple	Harriet Ackerman
Long Boy	Edward Nixon
I Need Thee Every Hour	Mildred Charles
Naughty, Naughty, Naughty	Eugene Kegg
Pretty Baby	Maurice Rice
Gone But Not Forgotten	Mr. Davis
High Jinks	Russell Hartenfels
All That I Want Is Love	Etta Fox
There Is Music In the Air	Mr. Parry
Somewhere A Voice Is Calling	John Kramer
Are You Half The Boy Your Mother Thought You'd Be	Warren Magee
Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here	III Y Club

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD	THE SEVEN WONDERS OF M. H. S.
The Lighthouse of Pharos	The Tower Clock
Temple of Diana	Miss Blackford's Room
Collossus of Rhodes	Ed Nixon
Hanging Gardens	Miss Aberle's Window Plants
Mausoleum of Halicarnassus	Like the grave of our German We know it no more.
Pyramids	Given in Solid Geometry
Statue of Zeus at Olympia	Old Abe in the Corner

Rhea Doolittle in Com. Geography: "In olden days the animals were related to the men."

Sophomore: "Let me see your report."
Freshman: "There are no C's on it. They're all F's."

Miss Blackford: "What do we mean by a legal holiday?"
John Kramer: "A day when we don't have to go to school."

FRESHMAN POETRY

'Twas midnight and the setting sun
Was rising in the far, far west,
The rapid river slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest,
The pensive goat and the sportive cow
Hilarious leap from bough to bough.

Miss Patterson: "Can anyone add anything to Maurice?"
Class (in unison): "He might be a little fatter."

WHO SAID HE HEARD THIS BEFORE?

Frank Lee came
To School
The other morning
Nursing a big grouch.
When asked about it
He said:
"Last night
I went to the
Alvin with
"Beamie" and "Brunkie"
And when
The orchestra played
"How dry I am"
They thought it was
The National Hymn
And stood up
And so did I.
Darn 'em anyway."

TOUCHING

Mary
Made an
Angel cake.
For her
Darling Arthur's
Sake;
For her sake
Arthur ate it—
Every crumb.
Then he heard
The angel's
Drum
Calling softly,
"Arthur come,"
Arthur went.
He wondered why
He stopped school
During
The coal shortage.

Lamont J.: "I'm never going to get married until I find a girl who can change a round stick of wood into a square meal."
Ruth B.: "Oh, I can do that."

Henry Haupt (translating Spanish:) "They heard the roar of the hens in the market place."

HERE LIES THE RUINS OF—

Here lies the ruins of L. A. Bing
Who died last year in his cell at Sing Sing.
I watched him die,
With pleasure too—and that's no lie,
And I'm sure if I tell you the cause of his death
You'll agree he's much better off at rest.

He never missed school when he was young
Always in his seat before the last bell rung,
For one simple reason, I must tell—
As he didn't like to study very well,
'Tis this—Near him sat Mary King
Whom he hoped some day would be Mrs. Bing.

He went to see her most every night
For she filled his spirit with delight.
That night he found her very ill,
He chanced to have a "Surr Kurr" pill
It failed to work—For as the old clock struck eleven
Her holy spirit passed into heaven.

Now Bing's heart was broken—
His tears had ceased to flow.
And as her spirit upward went
A call to 1-9-2 was sent,
For L. A.'s brain had ceased to work
And off for Sing Sing the bus did jerk.

One day as he sat pondering in his cell
By Mary's ring he remembered her well,
And wanting to keep her close to his heart,
He swallowed the ring like an apple-tart.
It missed his heart but did the work
And he in heaven now doth lurk.

Paul Crider.

THE FATE OF PAUL CRIDER.

Here lies the ruins of Paul A. Crider
Who met his fate as a billy-goat rider,
As I relate this terrible tale,
Of how he died without a wail,
My heart is sad as I write this line,
The reason is this—he owed me a dime.

He was half drunk from sweet draughts of hard cider,
This is the cause of the death of dare-devil Crider.
He jumped on the goat without a look of fear
For he was the only goat rider far and near.
But alas, one more is gone from the American race,
Which happens to everyone who follows his pace.

So, people came from the west, and they came from the east,
To look at the boy, who was killed by the beast.
They came in the midst of a down pour of hail,
They came when the wind was blowing a gale.
But I'll wager not one of that whole mourning-line
Ever thought of how I would get my dime.

Lawson Bing.

Mr. Beer (shaking tubes in experiment): "If I keep this up what do I get?"
Mable: "St. Vitus Dance, Jess."

LOVE CAKE.

2 oz. teasing
3 oz. squeezing,
1 1-2 doz. kisses
Bake in dark room 2 hours and serve in a young man's arms.
Beat it before the old man comes around.
Nothing Better.

GRADING SYSTEM.

A—Awful
B—Bumb
C— Common
D—Dum
F—Finis.

UNABRIDGED!

Flunk—To die, to sleep no more.
Quiz—An inquiry into the conduct of human understanding.
Sophomore—Two arms, two legs, a trunk and something empty on top.
Freshman—Fruit that has been picked too soon and palmed off on an unsuspecting public as a genuine article.

Freshie: "How often is the Annual published?"

IN PHYSICS.

"If a body is left in a certain place and after an interval it is not found there we understand at once that it has been removed." (A doubtful statement, but if the book says so we'll have to believe it.)

AND HE'S A MINISTER TOO.

Mary: "Daddy, what would you think if Albert would suggest becoming your son-in-law?"

Rev. Tryon: "Withdraw, my dear, while I think aloud."

There was a girl in M. H. S.
  As gentle as a dove;
One day she met a dapple dude,
  And at sight fell in love.
And when he started in to talk,
  He gave her such a pain,
She quickly took another look,
  Then fell right out again.

Mary: "That scar on your head must be very annoying."

Arthur: "Oh, it's next to nothing."

"I'd like to look into your heart,"
  She said with haughty air.
"You'd not be satisfied," he said,
  "For there's no mirror there."

TEN COMMANDMENTS
FOR THE FACULTY

I

Thou shalt not assign long lessons—they take up our time.

II

Thou shalt not ask if such and such a lesson be interesting—
Thou thyselves do not approve of lying.

III

Thou shalt not argue with one, Henry Haupt. The consequences shall not be answerable unto us.

IV

Thou shalt not put F upon our grade cards—our "folks" approveth not thereof.

V

Bring not thy temper with thee into the classroom lest thou lose it.

OF THE FACULTY.

VI

Thou shalt not make unto thyself an image of thy text book and take it with thyself into thine class.

VII

Honor thy prof. and thy teachers that thy days may be long in the school.

VII

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's umbrella even though it may be standing in the stand.

IX

Thou shalt not walk slowly with thy best girl thru the hall between recitations for Mr. Whitehouse will not hold thee guiltless.

X

Thou shalt obey all rules and regulations even though they please thee not.

Miss Jordan: "St. Petersburg was founded by whom?"
Pupil: "Why, St. Peter, of course."

Robert Campbell down in Physics class
Was not paying attention;
(How he was otherwise occupied,
I promised not to mention).

Jack Crouse to Robert Black: "If you were standing on a ten-cent piecewhy would you be like a ten cent store?"
Bob: "I don't know."
Jack: "Nothing over ten cents."

SENIOR BUZZ WAGON

Steering wheel	Zipp
Speedometer	Maurice Rice
Low speed pedal	Eugene Kegg
High speed pedal	Herman Brunk
Spark Plug	Russell Hartenfels
Horn	Henry Haupt
Brake	Ed Nixon
Exhausts	Jack Kenney and Fat Miller
Crank	Ye Faculty

Mr. Beer: "What is an example of potential energy in war fare?"
Fred Redding: "A pop gun."

You can always tell a Freshman
By his gasping vacant stare,
Ans his mouth is hanging open
Letting in the High School air.

Mr. Etter: "If a farmer sold 1470 bushels of wheat at $3.17 bu. what would he get?"

Freshie: "An automobile."

FOOTBALL TERMS

Forward Pass	Handing notes
Line buck	Getting out of study halls at 3:15
Trick play ..	Writing your own excuse on the morning after the day before.
End run	Getting around a bunch of girls on the sidewalk. .
Guards	Teachers in quizzes.
Half back	Most of the students of M. H.S. in their class room.
Off-side	Freshmen getting into Junior-Senior class room.
Tackles	Fellows getting dates.
End	Gone far enough, time to stop.

If a body see a body
Thinking in a quiz,
If a body help a body
Is it any teacher's biz?

Zipp, translating: "Mr. Eckart stood dumb and founded in the door."

Miss Patterson: "Wordsworth wrote a poem "Alice Fell."
John Kramer—waking up—"Was it a tragedy?"

Prof. Beer: "What answer did you get Eunice, about the pressure of water on a dam?"

Eunice—in all seriousness: "I didn' t get the dam problem."

Warren Magee was coming out of Miss Ruess's room, stumbled over the platform and fell at the teacher's feet. Miss Ruess said: "For once in my life, I have a young man at my feet."

Teacher: (to Freshman at 2 o'clock): "Take this seat for the present."
Teacher (at 3:40): "Why are you here now?"
Freshman: "I'm waiting for the present."

Helen Dowling: "Oh, Bob, I'm so afraid you'll change."
Bob: "Don't worry Helen, you'll never find any change about me."

SIGNS

When you see Jack Kenney wide awake it's a sign someone has said "Eat."
When you see Miss Aberle smile it's a sign she's forgotten she's in school.
When you see two Juniors having a social visit it's a sign Miss Ort's not in the room.

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL DANCE

She: "You would be a good dancer only for two things."
He: "What are they?"
She (innocently): "Your feet."

Mr. Clark: "Is carbon a bleacher?"
Pupil: "No, neither is it a grandstand."

Miss Leonard: "Did you like Robinson Crusoe?"
Harold Donley: "Yes, it's written so simply any child can understand it."

OFF CENTER.

A SWAIN once came upon a PORCH in CUBA upon the BANKS of the THEM River where he found a KEGG of WEBBER'S BEER in a dark ANGLE. Since this was not illumined by a BEAM of moonlight, he stumbled over it, fell into a POOLE and got his BEARD wet. As he said, "Oh, HECHT!" MARY coming MILES to TRYON her wedding dress, encountered him. "Great SCOTT," she WARNE (D) him, "we must hurry to LUCAS on our honeymoon." On EASTERDAY the BELL rang out. As they GOETZ married, the COOK prepared shredded WHEAT-ON-HERRING and CAMPBELL'S beans for breakfast. After this they could DOOLITTLE. As they were on the BRUNK (?) of getting hit with BRICK (ER) RICE the newlyweds hid in a BUSH. Then they RACE(D) away on LYONS to NOLAN(D).

NIXON the Comedy.

One day I saw her on the street
Her hair was raven hue,
Next day her hair was light as gold,
Could it have been H_2O_2?

Warren Magee in Civic's (ill from the refreshments at the Junior Senior reception—: "I am a sick woman."

Mr. Beer (assigning lesson): "You may finish chapter three and then read chapter twelve."

One of our Bright Students: "Which is twelve?"

Mr. Beer: "The one after eleven"

Miss Ort to Maurice Rice: "What is the word for brilliance?"

Maurice: "Why brilliance—is—hell."

Beneath the shady tree they sat,
He held her hand she held his hat.
I held my breath and lay quite flat.
They kissed, I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her lips up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme
While they thought no one knew it.

"POMES"

The Children's Hour; 7th. period Sr. English
The Last Leaf, Page 426—Milliken and Gale Physic's Book.
Poverty—Senior Class Treasury.
Excelsior—F.
The Deserted Village—Editor's Brain on April 29.
We are Seven—The Periods.
Ode on Melancholy—Caesar.
Annus Mirabilis—'17—'18.
The Bells—What Mrs. Wagner rings.
Revolt of Islam—Uprooting German.
Day of Doom—When report cards come out.

Mr. Davis to Freshman: "Are you looking for an honest man?"

Freshie: "No, I am looking for Mr. Davis."

IT'S ALL IN THE NAME!

Frank Lee (disconsolately): "Miss Patterson covers my card with my initials"—(brightening): "I'm going to change my name to Albert."

SOPHOMORE TO FRESHMAN.

Remember, friend, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, thus you may be,
So be prepared to follow me.

ANOTHER ONE ON THE FRESHMEN.

Miss Reinhart: "You may name the cases."
Confused Freshie: "Nominative, Accusative, Genitive and Senior."

I've got a case on a lot of girls,
Whose names I will not mention,
But Katherine is my latest case,
And now she claims my attention.

Zipp.

There was a sign upon a fence,
The sign was "Paint,"
And everybody who went by,
Sinner or Saint
Put out a finger, touched the fence,
And on he speed;
And as he wiped his finger tips,
"It is," he said.

Miss Souder (to Freshman): "Why did you look on her paper?"
Freshman: "To see if it was right."

FRESHMAN YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ma! Ma! Ma!
Pa! Pa! Pa!
Help!

SENIOR VITAL STATISTICS

Famous One	Characteristic	Wants to be	Likely to be	Aversion
Maurice Rice	Cookies	David Warfield	Convict	Old Maids
Robert Campbell	Good Looks		Social Lion	Himself (?)
Charles Jackson	None	Anything	Nothing	Everything
Russell Hartenfels	Wiggling	A man	Printer's Devil	Monotony
Robert Bissell	Reubena	Engineer	Married	Classic Poetry
DwightMcCullough	Popularity	Druggist	Undertaker	Good time (?)
Karl Schafer	Teasing	Business	Help-mate	Has none
Henry Haupt	Making change	Druggist	Happy man	Keeping quiet
Herman Beunk	Business	Senator	Dry Speaker	Indolence
Cecil Banks	Music	A Paderewski	In love	Study
Earnest Wheaton	Earnest	D. D.(?)	Poet	Not known
Paul Angle	Brains	President	Same	Woman

AT THE POSTOFFICE.

Freshie: "Have you any three cent stamps?"
Clerk: "Yes."
Freshie: "How much are they?"

PREPAREDNESS.

The timid youth devoid of skill
In love's campaign began to drill,
But by the time he wasn't scared
He found the girls were all pre-paired.

TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Editor of the Annual:

Your kindness in sending me advance sheets of the humorous section of your book has undoubtedly been the means of saving a life. A man became hysterical over some trivial happening and began to laugh uproariously. He continued in this condition for 60 hours and his life was despaired of. As an experiment I read to him a few paragraphs from your humorous section. In ten minutes he became as sober as a judge.

Thanking you for your consideration.

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request)

Lives of great crooks all remind us
We should work with greatest care
Lest departing leave behind us
Finger prints on the silver ware.

SENIOR CLASS WILL.

All Property is hereby bequeathed to belong to the persons designated, their heirs and assigns forever, to be used and considered as their property.

We the Senior Class of 1918, of the City of Mansfield, of the county of Richand, of the State of Ohio, being of exceptionally sound and brilliant mind and disposing memory, and realizing that our days are numbered, do hereby make and ordain this our last will and testament.

1. Unto the High School we will the incoming Freshmen as a slight recompense for our loss.

2. Unto the Faculty we will the memory of our good behavior during our Senior year.

3. Also, unto the faculty do we will our good looks and beauty recipies to be distributed as Mr. Whitehouse thinks best.

4. Unto the Staffs which are to follow, the Staff of 1918 wills the knowledge, experience and so forth and so fifth, gained in the publication of this annual.

5. Unto the Juniors we will the front seats of the auditorium which were mostly occupied by Freshmen.

6. Unto the Sophomores we will a formula for reducing enlarged headsize.

7. Unto the Freshmen we will a second formula for removing all verdant appearance.

8. Unto Mrs. Wagner we will all our chewing gum stuck under the seats in the study halls.

9. Unto Harold Andrews we will all our tablets to be used as paper wads.

10. Unto the under classes of M. H. S. we will our Dignity, Wisdom, Equanamity, words without end, to be used by them to the best possible advantage.

11. Realizing that we have no further use for it, we do bequeath to the class of 1919 our magnetism and attraction—formula to be found on page 234, 560, 600 of "Beer, Brunk and Bissell Physics Book."

ITEMIZED PERSONAL PROPERTY.

1. I, Harold Miller, do bequeath my anti-fat remedy unto John Coss.

2. I, Frank Imhoff do bequeath my rosy cheeks to Lady Macbeth.

3. I, Mildred Charles, do most reluctantly relinquish my claim to Ernest Schuler to be divided among the class of '19.

4. I, Eugene Kegg, do will and bequeath my name to Mr. Beer, to be used as he so desires.

5. I, Paul Angle, do leave my ability to scan Virgil to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder.

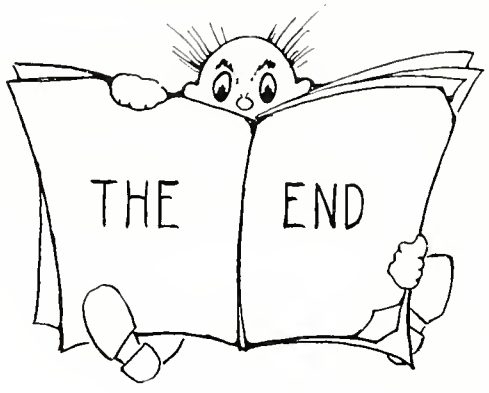
6. I, Robert Campbell, do will and bequeath my shoes to whomsoever they will fit.

7. We, Helen Sutter and Fleta Dishong, do will our ability to make disturbances in the Study Halls to Chauncey Garber and Ivan Carmine.

8. We, the class, do will that one Lincoln penny and two Buffalo nickels to be used to buy Miss Leonard a wedding present.

9. We, the Staff, do wish all of our funeral expenses to be paid.

10. We, the Staff, do leave a black-bordered handkerchief to each surviving member of the H. S. to be used at our burial.



STAFF

Standing—Frank Imhoff, Robert Bissell, John Andrews, Dorothy Goetz, Karl Schafer, Russell Hartenfels.
Sitting—Dorothy Nolan, Gayle Swain, Sadye Bein, Mary Byrd.

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